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[By Professor K. Malozemov.]

A RUSSIAN BRIDAL FEAST.

OLD MAIDS AND YOUNG.

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING,
AUTHOR OF "IN THOUGHTLAND AND IN DREAMLAND," "ORCHARDSCROFT," ETC.



ROTHA READS HER FATHER'S LETTERS.

CHAPTER X.—"OH, THIS LEARNING, WHAT A THING IT IS!"

SOME months had passed, and the excitement resulting from the arrival at the Villa Eugénie of Lord Warham and John Searle had subsided sufficiently for the children to resume their usual way of life. The morning's lessons were over, and Rotha, seated in an arbour with Osborne, was reading to him. Bride, for the time being not on speaking terms with Rowan, who was building a boat, aided by John, sat not far from the arbour and listened to the reading, till—what with the autumn-scented sunshine and the steady rise and fall of the voice, which alone broke the stillness of the garden—she succumbed more and more to languor, and at last shut her eyes and went to sleep on the leaf-strewn ground. She might have been asleep as long as Rip Van Winkle, or might have been asleep for only a minute—it was impossible to form any conception of the time which

had passed, when a bee, slowly walking over her bare leg, not with any unkind intention, but merely to stretch its own legs, woke her, and she sat up. The sun, still heavy with some of the sweetest scents that are, shone upon her as before, and the low voice in the arbour was still the only sound. The little girl started to her feet. Nobody took any notice of her. Rubbing her eyes, she walked up to the arbour, and stood in the entrance to it. She was considerably smaller than the King of the Macedonians, but the shadow that she threw was immense. Nobody noticed it. Rotha read on with bowed face, and Osborne with lifted face listened. This sort of thing was not to be endured. Bride entered the arbour.

"N'yenn, n'yenn, n'yenn, n'yenn, n'yenn, n'yenn, n'yenn!"

The word which was thus repeated is a monosyllable, and forms an interjection which is ignored by grammarians, who ask of us to believe that it is usual for people when desirous of imposing silence

to say "soft!" varied with "whist!" "tush!" and "tut!" These words, oddly enough, hold the stage, but outside of drama, and especially with the makers of language, children, others are more commonly employed, and, among these, one much in vogue and highly effective is the above, the utterance of which necessitates the facial gesture which, as the professor of philosophy pointed out to Monsieur Jourdain, results in producing the vowel "i" as pronounced in France.

Rotha, not easily disconcerted, put down her book, and, glancing in the direction of the little person whose shadow was thrown across the arbour, and whose face still wore a molieresque grimace, said frigidly:

"What is the matter with you, Bride? Why don't you go and play?"

"Just cos! Why don't *you* go and play?"

"I am reading to Osborne."

"I'll read to Osborne."

"You couldn't. You can't read long words."

"I can."

Bride, piqued, sat down on an opposite bench, on which was an English newspaper. She took it up. Rotha, honestly scandalised, and never slow to rebuke, frowned her disapproval.

"You shouldn't read that, Bride. It's Mrs. Archdale's, and we're not to read newspapers."

"My grandpapa says"—Bride peered over the newspaper held at arm's length, in imitation of the authoritative person alluded to—"my grandpapa says I get no harm from it." The paper was then again raised to the line of vision, and Miss Hale took a survey of its contents. She was soon stumbled.

"What's *verjuice*, Rotha?"

Rotha was annoyed, but the appeal to her superior knowledge was too flattering to be ignored.

"A lady who hasn't married, Bride."

Osborne's face lighted up, but he said nothing. You don't expose the ignorance of the person who reads to you your favourite books.

Bride peered over the newspaper again.

"What's *an-ti-the-sis*?"

A person aged ten, even though more than ordinarily studious, could hardly be expected to define "antithesis," but Rotha was not of those who will miss winning through lack of heart to venture. She hazarded a definition. "I'm not *quite* sure what it is, but I think it's an animal, a zooh-logical animal, like a bore-constructor."

Bride nodded, perfectly satisfied. The great thing in the case of a question put is to be given an answer, and a conversation conducted in polysyllables is thoroughly enjoyable now and again.

"What's *suicide*?" was the next question.

"*Suicide*, you mean," came the answer from the "Pronouncing Dictionary." "It's a self-afflicted death—dreadful."

Apparently Miss Hale was reading by leaps and bounds. "What does this mean?" she read slowly, in tones of growing perplexity: "Lambs dull, calves steady, pigs firm."

"It's saying what animals are like, Bride. Lambs are dull, calves are steady, pigs are firm." This simple expansion of the newspaper form was

delivered with a motion of the forefinger, imitated from a visiting teacher. "You've seen lambs and calves and pigs, Bride?"

"Yes." Ireland's daughter looked somewhat satirical; "but I shouldn't say pigs are firm."

"Did you ever see pigs fall, like we've seen horses fall?"

"No," Bride admitted.

"Then pigs are firm."

Rotha's argument was unassailable, and carried the day. That she looked triumphant was perhaps natural, but it was unwise, and the Celt in Bride at once took fire.

"I shouldn't say pigs are firm," she repeated.

"I should say pigs are dirty."

"You couldn't say that in a newspaper, Bride."

"You could if you liked."

"You couldn't."

"You could."

"Don't speak to me again, Bride."

"I will if I want to."

Osborne at this point interposed.

"Look here, Bride, you've learnt enough for this morning. Ask no more questions. Come here and tell me why you have quarrelled with Rowan."

"Rowan said he liked John better than me, and I called him names."

"What names did you call him?"

A blushing face touched Osborne's, and a string of the vituperative epithets most in vogue with the very young of the Green Island was whispered into his ears, with a heart-struck look at the confession.

"I called him all that."

"You didn't spare him, Bride."

Osborne, with fine morality, battled down a strong inclination to laugh, and, taking the little girl upon his knee, put one arm about her and asked:

"What did he say to you?"

"He said, 'I won't play with you again till you polly;' but he shall!"

"Do you mean apologise?"

"Yes."

"Well, hadn't you better do so?"

"I don't want to."

"But you ought to, really. Run off and do so now. Don't think about it. Here goes—One! two! three! and a— What are you waiting for?"

"What shall I say?"

"Anything that comes into your head."

"I *polly*—?"

"Yes, that will do." He set down the little girl. "Come and tell me when you are friends."

She ran off.

CHAPTER XI.—ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR.

IN a very short time after having left Osborne, Bride came running back, a hot, happy child.

The blind boy opened his arms, and she threw herself into them. She did not speak for a minute or so. You cannot speak when your soul is out of breath; and this little child's soul was more out of

breath than was her body, as happens often to little children. After a while she said :

"We're friends again."

"Yes, Bride. What happened?"

"I said, 'I polly.'"

"And what did Rowan say?"

Bride sat up, radiant.

"He put out his tongue at me."

Thus had the beautiful reconciliation been made. Thrills of happiness ran through Bride. Rowan, the king, had been graciously pleased to unbend so far as to extend his majestic tongue ! Far-off nations have odd notions as to favours ; the little children near us have ideas quite as odd. The big boy felt the happy stirring in the little figure, and, drawing closer to him the child, passed his hand over her face.

"Why do you do that, Osborne?"

"I want to know what sort of a face it is. Let me do it again, Bride, will you?"

"Oh, yes, as often as you like."

The light, gentle hand moving over her face amused and pleased the child. Osborne smiled. The lashes turned up, and the nose turned up, and the chin turned up ; the soft, full mouth was small, and the little face was round ; the warm curls, lying close all over the head, were soft as thistle-down.

"I know all about it now," he said. "It's a jolly little face, Bride ; I won't keep you any longer. Run off when you like, and play with Rowan."

Bride at once jumped down. A cloud passed into the sightless eyes.

"You don't mind, do you, Osborne?"

"No ; not very much, Bride."

Cruel Bride, on pleasure bent, was not to be deterred by the wistful tone in the blind boy's voice. A minute later he was left alone with Rotha. Rotha was a very admirable little girl, but she was totally lacking in that *curiosa felicitas* of manner to which the French give the name of "charm," and without which a human creature, young or middle-aged or old, may have store of good and lovely in him, and yet be but poor company. She was sitting with hands folded in her lap—there was an out-of-date simplicity in all her gestures—and now asked, in the tone of folded hands :

"Shall I go on reading, Osborne?"

"Yes."

The answer was given gracelessly. The willing horse, it is granted on all hands, is a very excellent creature, but one has moments when one's heart recoils from him. The blind eyes saw the folded hands, and a deeper gloom passed into them.

Rotha read on. She had a singularly beautiful voice, with something of a bird's note in it, and something of a bell's chime, and something of the dropping of water—a voice that will not be described. It did not charm away the fret from the boy's face.

"Don't say 'beniggen' every time, Rotha," he said peevishly, "it's *benign*."

"Benign," the little girl repeated.

For an Englishwoman, aged ten, who had never set foot on English soil, whose life had been spent

¹ Apologise.

in Greece and France, she read very correctly. She could hardly be expected to divine that, while the Englishman says "benignity," he elides the *g* in "benign" ; and the boy was seldom so captious as upon this occasion. The quiet eyes were lifted to his face with some surprise, then the child read on. For a few moments all went well, but the air about the boy's heart was charged with thunder, and nothing but a storm could clear it. In her endeavour to be correct, Rotha blundered more and more. A fine passage was burlesqued by her reading, "He staderged on to the stage," and Osborne completely lost his temper.

"How silly you are, Rotha ! It isn't *stadger* ; it's *stagger*—say 'stagger' !"

"Stagger." The word was said to order in the quiet, long-suffering tone which, in the case of a hot heart, is like the last straw which, being laid on a certain animal's back, breaks it.

"Why are you angry, Osborne?" Rotha asked, shutting the book.

"I don't know. Why aren't you?"

The question, if not especially dignified, was very human. There was no answer given to it.

"Rotha, are you there?"

Still no answer came. The boy put out his hand. The chair in which the child had sat was empty. To the great darkness and silence about the lad was added a great loneliness. He bowed his face upon his hands, and, for the first time since the coming of his blindness, burst into tears.

"Oz ! Oz ! dear old chap, what's the matter?"

John spoke, but the hand that touched the poor blind face was not John's, but Bride's.

"Cheer up, old fellow," John continued ; "why are you —"

"I'm *not*."

The blind wet eyes flashed gloriously. The heart of the democrat leaped. Here was his hero, Osborne, Lord Warham. The half-insane indignation in the wet eyes that told the truth that the lips denied, the curiously haughty pose of the lad, drawn to his full height, with the pale, tense face and straightened lips, all impressed, against his will, the sturdy commoner ; and though he said to himself, to salve his conscience, "I'd like you much better, look you, if you were not a lord," he was coming more and more to see that, bounds being set even to that large thing, a boy's love for another boy, it was a sheer impossibility that his love for Osborne could be a greater thing than it was.

"Nothing at all is the matter with me, John," Osborne went on, a smile now on his face. He liked greatly the little strong lad. "Bride, you young bear, you'll throttle me."

Bride had climbed up the back of the bench, and stood on a rung of it, like a frightened kitten up a tree. For the better steadying of herself she had clasped her arms about the big boy's neck.

"If I let go, I'll tumble, Osborne."

"Then don't let go, dear Pat, for you're not an autumn leaf, and that would mean screams."

Bride was given to screaming at small provocation, and had been scolded so often for her lack of repose that the subject had become a sore one. Her lips pursed.

"Other people are not autumn leaves."

"Leaves, my child, leaves," Osborne corrected her, with the large smile which Bride's verbal lapses always brought to his face, and speaking in a grandfatherly tone, which he used towards her alone, and the banter behind which was never discovered by her. "Where are your feet? Keep tight hold of me, and I'll carry you pick-a-back all round the garden."

Two little feet, one only shod—the shoe of the other had fallen, and only a crumpled sock covered



"I'LL CARRY YOU PICK-A-BACK ALL ROUND THE GARDEN."

it—were extended. The big hands made good stirrups. "Now we're off! You needn't try to make yourself light, Bride. You're not much heavier than a sparrow, anyway."

Either Lord Warham could be very gallant, or the little creature on his back was of abnormally small weight. He set out on his journey with her, a bigger child watching him. She was sitting at some distance on a grassy mound under a tree. She said nothing.

Rowan, too, watched, and his was the unlucky idea to speak. "Mind," he sang out, "you don't tumble over my bo—"

He was unable to finish the sentence, owing to John's hand being unceremoniously laid over his face.

"How dare you say that to Osborne, Rowan, you unfeeling little monkey!"

John spoke in a furious whisper.

Rowan, his face still aching from the pressure of the strong hand upon it, said sulkily:

"He *might* tumble over it, John."

"Of course he might. Probably he will, too, unless Bride keeps a good look-out. What does your boat matter?"

When Cromwell, on a memorable occasion,

pointing to the mace, said, "Take away that bauble!" not all the republicanism of Sir Harry Vane could keep him from exclaiming, "This is not honest." Rowan, in his way, was made quite as indignant by John. His boat was alluded to by this person as if it were a mere bauble. Was the end of all things approaching? The child, finding no words to express his feelings, lifted up his voice after the manner of very young manhood, and stood an open-mouthed protester.

How silence this loud clamour? John gazed in alarm at the house. He had a boy's dread of excited women, and expected every moment to see Mrs. Archdale or Val emerge from the house. Rowan, with round tearless eyes, kept up a steady shout. It had no definite character, nothing that pointed to grief, anger, physical pain, terror, or any of the thousand and one things that a heart that is not of stone can sympathise with; it was wholly made up of noise—noise that was deafening, and that underwent no abatement—noise that one felt might go on for ever, just as it might stop at any moment. John shook the boy, and the noise was shaken with him. It was almost as if one had shaken a sack of stones. The cries, as John put it afterwards, "rattled."

"See here, Rowan"—he did not try to pitch his voice above the child's, but spoke in a low tone that carried well, as he tried, though vainly, to catch the glance of the wide eyes—"see here, Rowan, if you don't stop that, I'll pump on you; and if you do, I'll make you another boat."

The open mouth was at once closed, and the noise ceased. It did not grow fine by degrees and beautifully less, as the cry of the adult does; it stopped on a high note, suddenly and completely, and the child, not in the least fatigued, and perfectly contented, took John's proffered hand. They walked to a near swing. Into it John lifted the little fellow, and swung him, till that amusement palled, whereupon he lifted him down, and walked with him to a shady spot, where he sat down with him, having found him a stick to whittle. With the sun shining over one's head through a green tree, and a big boy at one's side, and a stick to whittle, five minutes can be whiled away when one is eight years old. Before the five minutes were over Osborne had returned with his burden, and the four good friends sat in the sun-flecked shadow together. Mrs. Archdale, a moment later, entering the garden with a friend, drew the attention of the latter to the quartet.

"Are they not happy together, with never a cloud in their sky? Ah, to be a child again!"

The wiser Frenchwoman shook her head.

"I am not of your advice, madame. Be a child again? No, no; *pour rien au monde!* A charming arbour this, madame."

The two ladies seated themselves. The voices in the garden rang out clearly.

"Do let us tell stories!" Bride spoke. "I'll begin. There was once upon a time a little girl, most squisitely beautiful, just like an angel, and she always did what she liked——"

"Such as ——?"

The speaker was Osborne.

"She never eat meat, and she never wore

gloves, and she always had her breakfast in bed, and she had a back looking-glass, and she dressed in pink, and she had a powder-puff, and a kitten, and a puppy, and a canary, and a parrot, and a horse, and she crost her feet and slid down her banisters, and had a candle always burning in her bedroom, and——"

"We don't want to hear any more about her, Bride," Rowan remarked brusquely, as the little girl, not for any lack of subject-matter, but in sheer breathlessness, paused. "I know a much nicer story. There was once upon a time a sailor, and——and——and——"

"And——and——and." Bride echoed ironically, her grey eyes agleam with mirth. "Don't go on, we know the rest. His name was Rowan, and he never, never, never, never, never"—these words were accompanied by a series of twirls, as the little figure span round in an ecstasy of merriment, then came to a sudden standstill—"he——*never* could tell a story!"

"Bravo, Bride!" John exclaimed, and drew the little girl towards him; but she freed herself from his grasp, and, obeying a charming impulse, sat down beside the crushed Rowan and kissed him.

"*Brava!*" somebody else said under her breath. It was the French lady in the arbour. "Who shall say," she added, turning to the Englishwoman beside her, "that little children have not grace? Never I have seen a more sweet piece of tact than that. My good *bouledogue*" (this was said apostrophising the unconscious John), "she would none of your caress. What a difference between the children, madame!"

Mrs. Archdale's attention had been fixed upon her work, a piece of embroidery in which she appeared to have made some grave mistake. She glanced up. "Yes, they're very different. I have not been noticing them just now, but I often do. That little girl beside my son is Irish, and very funny."

"An adorable little person."

"Adorable? No, no; I shouldn't call her that. You French people, if you'll excuse my saying so, use this word so very—well, so very queerly. She's above everything else a funny little thing. I like her in a way. But she perplexes me; I can't understand her."

"Poor Ireland!"

"Did you speak? I'm afraid I seem very rude, but I have made a fatal mistake in putting here cream for white; don't you think so?"

"It is beautiful, madame; I think all the time how beautiful it is."

"Ah, you French flatterer!" Mrs. Archdale smiled. She did not understand the Frenchwoman, but she liked her also in a way.

The young voices outside the arbour rang out again.

"Are we trying who can be quiet longest?"

John spoke. He was lying with his eyes fixed on the sky, and did not even raise his head. "If you're not all fast asleep," he added, "I don't mind telling a story. There was once upon a time a great king called Alex——"

"Oh, we don't want a history-king. We want a story—a story!"

Rowan and Bride spoke together.

"Well, here's a story for you. There was once——"

All four were taken by surprise, and even John sat up in the grass. No one was visible, and the voice came from behind the tree.

"It's Rotha," Bride exclaimed; adding joyfully, "Rotha's stories are always nice. Go on, Rotha."

Rotha, remaining behind the tree, began her tale anew: "There was once upon a time a—a person——"

All faces fell at once. The voice behind the tree continued:

"She was perfectly unint'resting, and——"

"We won't listen to you! Don't listen to her!"

Rowan and Bride, filled with indignation, covered their ears.

"And she"—Rotha, speaking in slow crescendo, rose and, walking from behind the tree, placed herself before it in face of the quartet—"she—*listen to me!*" she gazed at Rowan and Bride, whose hands dropped to their sides; "she—*had no story at all.*"

Impossible to give an idea of the colourless voice in which was told the colourless ending of the tale.

A cry of mingled wrath and disappointment came from the two children, and they made for the



"THE BAD STORY-TELLER STOOD UNDISMAVED."

bad story-teller, but strong hands caught and held them back. They were in John's grip. He held them fast, and looked over their heads at Rotha. She had remained standing with her back against the tree. Her hands were folded over her

head, and her eyes were undismayed. There was nothing to indicate the slightest emotion in the pale, still face in its frame of gold—gold that fell over the forehead, and that lay about the neck, masses of it thrown forward, while masses hung behind. There was no least movement in the child's figure.

"Do not touch her! Leave her to me."

John put the children from him, and advanced towards the tree.

"The *bouledogue* frowns, but he admires," murmured the irrepressible Frenchwoman. Mrs. Archdale sighed. She was picking out "the cream," and it was weary work. She let the Frenchwoman talk, as one lets Frenchwomen talk, not paying much attention to them. She was dimly conscious that a bull-dog was being talked of, and she took no interest in dogs of any kind.

John was certainly forcing a frown.

"What made you vex the little ones like that, Rotha?" he said.

"Because I like to vex people sometimes. I am vexed."

Having made this answer, the child wheeled slowly round, and her face, now working terribly, was laid against the tree.

The Frenchwoman rose.

"Never a cloud in their sky. Oh! madame, that little child—that little child! I am going. No, no; do not come with me, that stops your work. I know my way to the gate, and I will speak to that poor as I pass from the garden."

The good lady was true to her word, but "that poor" was not to be comforted. Jealousy is the rage of a man, and another had been preferred.

CHAPTER XII.—TALK. TWO BOYS.

"I SAY, Oz!"

John spoke. The two hours' "study" had been completed, and he was lying in the grass in his favourite attitude, with his head resting on his hands, and his eyes staring straight into heaven. Osborne was standing against a tree. "It isn't half bad being here, is it?"

"No, perhaps it isn't. One place is to me very much the same as another."

"Oz, Oz, you know it isn't. It wouldn't be the same if Mrs. Archdale were horrid. She's awfully nice, isn't she?"

"No, I don't think she is. She doesn't grow on one."

"Well, you see, we liked her so immensely at first sight."

"You did, John."

"Come, you did too; and what is there wrong about her?"

"There's nothing wrong, but I like Val every bit as well as I like her."

"Val! What puts Val into your head? Val's a servant."

"My democracy, I suppose."

"Come, now! you *are* disagreeable, Oz. You'll be saying next that I'm a snob."

"No, I shan't. Why do you like Mrs. Archdale, though?"

"I don't know. She's so handsome and kind,

and . . . do you like women or men better, Osborne?"

"Depends."

"Now, I always like women better. One doesn't feel tempted to bully them and play the cad. I've done a great deal better work here than I ever did at school. Knew I should."

"But Mrs. Archdale doesn't teach us."

"No; but the masters come through her. She arranges it all. Do you think I'd ever do a stroke of work for that noodle Verneuil if it were not for fear of being called into the drawing-room to account to her! I was called in once. There she sat, leaning back in a chair, looking a picture of——" he paused for a word.

"Queenliness," suggested the boy leaning against the tree, and seeing in mind the tall, fair woman.

"No, I didn't mean that"—the democrat flushed—"but so awfully pretty, and quiet, and all that; and not a word from her but just the remark, 'I want to know what you mean by giving people trouble, John. Sit down here and tell me.' I could have sunk into the earth. I don't mind a man thundering up and down a room, or even sitting at a desk; but to be asked to sit down in a drawing-room with a lady—No, no, you don't catch me getting into a hole like that again."

Osborne laughed.

"You'd rather learn for old Verneuil. Tell me, who had the idea of sending you here, John?"

"My mother. She read the advertisement, and took it into her head at once that it would be the very place for me. You see, they all think of settling here some day; they have somehow made up their minds that I shall go into my uncle's business at the wharves; but I shan't do that, you know."

Osborne did know. More than once he had heard the boy at his feet sketch out the life which he meant to lead in place of that planned out for him by his parents. He sat down beside him.

"It's rather hard on Rowan and Bride being shut up on a day like this, isn't it?"

Rowan and Bride were imprisoned for a breach of the law regulating study-hours.

"Yes, it's hard on them; but they went just a little too far with their nonsense. Bride set Rowan on."

"She always does. What happened? They were perfectly good, beyond whispering, while I was in the room."

"Yes, you see you frighten them, being so big and——"

"Blind, and a lord. Go on, John."

"You needn't take the words out of my mouth; that wasn't what I was going to say."

This rather paradoxical statement was made in an aggrieved tone.

"Don't let's quarrel, John. What did they do?"

"Well, they'd been sitting eating their heads off as usual for over an hour, and were waiting for me to be done my prep, and I told them they could play if they didn't make a row; so they did, all three of them, and after a while they got silly—the way they do." The thirteen-year-old sage became very solemn. "They've a game which they call,

'Wouldn't it be nice?' Each tries to cap something said by the other, and one of them said, 'Wouldn't it be nice if the moon twinkled?'

"That was Bride," Osborne interposed. "That has Bride on the face of it."

"Well, perhaps it was her. Anyway it set them all laughing. They seemed to think it awfully funny."

"It *was* funny, too."

"Dear me, I've said much funnier things than that, Oz."

"Never heard them, I'm bound to say, John; but go on—what happened next?"

"Why, they laughed and laughed, the three of them, till they nearly cried. Then Rotha said, between the chokes, you know, 'Couldn't we think of something dreadfully dreadful, and stop ourselves?'"

Unconsciously the boy had imitated the little girl's queer treble. His companion smiled.

"Just like Rotha, that. Didn't she suggest anything herself?"

"No, but Bride did. Bride said all of a sudden, 'I've thought of something. Let's think that Rotha has turned into a splodge-dodgeon.'"

"What did she mean?"

"Why, nothing, of course; just one of her made-up words. She *said* she meant a zoological animal very like a something or other. . . ."

"A boa constrictor?"

"Yes, that was it. How do you know?"

"Thought it might be that. What happened then?"

"Oh, the usual thing. Rowan laughed in his stupid way, and Rotha cried, and Bride got under the table, and Mrs. Archdale came in, and there was a scene."

"Surely Rotha wasn't shut up."

"No; only the other two. I stood up for Rotha."

"Why didn't you beg the others off?"

"Because I wasn't sorry for them. Rotha was, of course. If you want to know why she isn't here with us, it's because she's reading 'Grimm' to those two through the keyholes of their rooms, page about, first to one, then to the other. Don't you know how it's done?" Osborne confessed to ignorance. "The book is held over the door-lock, and you read in through the keyhole, straight into the ear which is at the other side."

"But are they let do that? Doesn't Mrs. Archdale hear?"

"Of course she does. But you don't imagine that she lets on that she does; and she never enters their thoughts. Why, we were kids ourselves, Oz. I used to think that my mother didn't see pranks that I played under her very eyes. She'd a way of looking stone-blind when I did things as a little chap that she didn't want to spar about. It took me in completely. I've knocked about at a public school since, and have got sense; but they haven't."

The boy who had got sense pursed his lips. They were of a vivid red colour and were ornamented with green, for blades of grass stuck out of either end of them, the boy having employed him-

self during the pauses in his talk with munching the green herb. They were soft young lips, very quiet, matching well the steady eyes. Scarce once had a smile crossed the lad's face while speaking. The blind face above him had lighted up again and again. It twitched, half with mirth, half with wistfulness, as the boy said:

"I do wish I had sight again, just for one minute, to see Rotha now at the door."

"I wish you had. It is a real picture to see her kneeling, with her hair streaming down to the floor, and her lips to the keyhole, reading the jolly old book just as if it were the 'Child's Guide to Knowledge.'"

The gravity of John's face was broken up for a minute, a sunburst of merriment flashing across it.

Osborne lay back on the grass beside him.

"It's brickish of her, too, John."

"Of course it is. She is a brick, out and out, miles nicer than Bride in my opinion."

"Not in mine; she's so stand-off."

"That's just what I like about her."

The democrat had not lost all ingenuousness while knocking about. A long silence followed, during which he lay with eyes all made of faith and service lifted to the stand-off clouds.

A patter of small feet sounded on the gravel near.

"What! let out already, Rowan? Where are Rotha and Bride?"

"They're washing their faces cos they cried."

"You cried too."

"I didn't!"

"That's no answer."

"I didn't!"

"Come, John, drop it." Osborne spoke. "What's the good of bullying the little chap?"

"He's a sneak; he tells tales and tells lies."

"No, no, he doesn't. Come here, Rowan. Just remember this: Rotha has a great friend in John, and Bride in me, and we won't have tales told of them. Do you understand?"

"I don't want to tell tales of them."

"That's right, old fellow. They've a friend in you, too; that's the way it is. They're jolly little girls, both of them. Tell me, which of them do you like best?"

"Now?"

"Well, yes, at this minute."

"I like Rotha best now."

John sat up in the grass.

"You shan't!"

But Rowan was safe on Osborne's knee, and said quietly:

"I do."

As Rotha approached with Bride, he added: "You can sit on the other knee, Rotha."

Osborne laughed.

"Cool, to dispose of me like that."

Rotha, however, to whom Rowan's will was law, quietly availed herself of the permission.

Bride looked round. It was plain that nobody gave a thought to her.

"Where am I to sit?"

John directed her attention to a distant bench. To it the offended little girl walked with a dignity

that was beautiful, seated herself on it, then—oh ! dear Saint Bridget, what of the little sisters?—bent her face upon the arm of it, and put her small white teeth into the wood. There is the mark of a little bite upon the wood to this day. The truth is, you may pretend to like to sit alone on a bench, but you don't like it, and if you are only eight years of age, and are Irish, you must let somebody—or something—know that you don't like it. The knowledge shut up in your heart would beat against the four walls of it and wreck the whole building.

CHAPTER XIII.—ROTHA READS HER FATHER'S LETTERS.

NURSE BARRE had spoken truly when she had prophesied that Rotha, "as a young lady aged twelve," would have abundant sense ; and it was with no hesitation that on her twelfth birthday she handed over to the child her father's letters, which had been kept for four years under lock and key. The air was heavy with a pending storm as the child sat at what was called by Nurse Barre "the seketary," being a table with some drawers in it, which had been employed as a writing-table by Mr. Fleetwood. The dull light brightened where it touched the gold hair, and there only ; it was early afternoon. From the letters which lay before her, having been taken out of the drawers by Nurse Barre, she took up a packet headed "Rotha."

"Was my mother's name Rotha, Nurse Barre?"

"Yes, miss."

The child loosened the string about the letters and read them. They were choice reading—there is no better reading in the world than the letters of a clever woman. The child read earnestly, with scarce a change of her still face, and, having come to the last letter, made the packet afresh and tied it. She had abundant sense, but she was only a little being aged twelve, of a sweet childishness, too, under all her adult gravity. Much of the meaning of the letters was missed by her. She took up next an envelope, into which some dozen letters had been thrust with a negligence which suggested that the recipient of them had only temporarily thus put them together, with intention probably to destroy them. Some of them were crushed. The child took them from the wrapper, smoothed them, and read them with increasing perplexity. Most of them were unsigned, and those signed bore only the initials "A. A."

"What is blackmailing, Nurse Barre?" the puzzled reader asked after a while.

"I couldn't tell you, Miss Rotha."

The child pushed the letters from her. To anyone reading over her shoulder it would have been plain enough from what was written that "A. A.," but for the vigorous action of his friend Fleetwood, would have let himself become the victim of a disgraceful piece of extortion. Even the child, placed at a disadvantage by not understanding some important words occurring in the letters, gathered from them that the writer felt himself to be under enormous obligations to her father.

"I think," she said, putting them together

again, "I will tie up these letters as my mother's are tied up, Nurse Barre. A piece of string, if you please."

"Well, to be sure ; but it's just like Mr. Fleetwood himself sitting there at the desk. I could think I hear him speaking. Just his way—all for order and ordering, as I used to say. Here's a ball of string for you, miss."

"Thank you."

If Nurse Barre had meant to be gently satirical, she was probably disappointed at the effect which her words had. There was nothing in the little girl's voice to hint that she had felt a sneer. She made a neat packet of the letters, and wrote on it, in close imitation of her father's writing, the letters "A. A."

Nurse Barre looked on admiringly, and as the child was about to put the packet from her, exclaimed :

"I'll be bound, miss, those letters stand for Captain Archdale's name."

The child's face lightened, as with a pleasant thought.

"Did my father do anything for Captain Archdale, Nurse Barre?"

"I rather think he did, miss, from things which Mrs. Archdale has let drop in speaking to me."

Nurse Barre was never at her moral best when speaking of Mrs. Archdale. There was a gulf between the two women, which nothing, it appeared, could bridge over.

"I rather think that your pa, miss, did so much for Captain Archdale that you needn't feel no scruples regarding what Mrs. Archdale has done for you."

"What are scruples?"

"There you are, Miss Rotha, just as if one was a pronouncing pocket dictionary ! My meaning is, miss, that you needn't feel uncomfortable at the Villa Eugénie."

"I am very comfortable there, Nurse Barre, thank you."

"Well, now, you do take things in a funny way." Nurse Barre looked at the unmoved face.

"I do think, miss," she added, "if the Queen was to step out of her throne and ask you to step in, you'd do it as quiet as quiet, seein' nothing pertickler to fluster about."

The little girl looked out of the window. The clouds had broken, and a sunlit rain was flashing down. A clock struck. She counted the strokes. "One, two, three, four. How late it is, Nurse Barre. I must go on with these letters."

"By all means, miss."

Nurse Barre busied herself in the adjoining room. Her sympathy was soon called upon.

"I have a grandfather, Nurse Barre." Impossible to describe the child's elatement.

"Have you, miss ? Where is he ?"

"In this place—I can't quite read it. You see, the letter is written to my father, and it is signed—'Your father !'"

"Right, miss. Didn't I ask you, years ago, if you had a gran'papa ? It's odd you never heard of him. . . . Have you read the letter, miss ?"

"No."

The voice had already lost its brightness. The child was reading the letter with gathering brows. Having come to the end of it, she turned round :

"Nurse Barre !"

Her eyes were blind with passion, if not with tears. She pitched her voice to the farther room.

"Why, miss, I am here at your chair." Nurse Barre forced a laugh. "What is it?"

A tearing of paper preceded the child's answer, and the letter, torn into shreds, was held out to Nurse Barre.

"Will you throw that, please, on your kitchen fire?"

The child stood up. "*I have no grandfather,*" she added, standing.

The vivid sun—that sun that shines through rain—danced on the bright hair that was all about the little figure—

"Hair, such a wonder of flax and floss,
Freshness and fragrance—floods of it, too!"

Browning could have described it, this wealth of lovely, living gold about Rotha.

Putting it from her with a backward toss of the head and vexed hands thrust into its brightness, she lifted to Nurse Barre's a face for the moment crazed with child's anger.

"Why, what's the matter with you, miss? I never did see you with a look like that on you before. Gently! . . . Gently!"

But the warning came too late. The torn letter already strewed the floor, and with a loud cry the child fell forward.

"There, there, miss, it's all right. We'll burn the nasty letter, and never think of it again. We'll pick it up this minute. What's this?"

A letter which had fallen from the table lay beneath it. "Why, Miss Rotha, here's a letter to yourself. Come, now, that will be something nice."

The child took it, and looked at it dreamily. The great weariness which follows a child's anger was visible in the vacant little face. She suffered herself to be lifted on to Nurse Barre's knees, and only after some minutes read the letter. It was addressed "To my daughter Rotha," and ran :

"My little child,—When you read this I shall be no longer with you. That time may be very near at hand, and may be farther off than I bode. This is to tell you that you have two friends, with either of whom your home must be when I am gone. One is my old teacher, Miss Warwick; the other is my school friend, Archdale. The home-addresses of both you will find written out very clearly at foot of this letter. Miss Warwick is always in England; Captain Archdale is much abroad and is now at sea. Ask of whomever you are with when I die to take you or send you to one or other of these.

"In conclusion, this. Never, my little daughter, forget your mother, my loved wife. Let her memory be a holy thing to you always.

"Your father,

"GEORGE FLEETWOOD."

"Well, miss, what is it all about?"

"You can read it, Nurse Barre."

The child passed the letter, and Nurse Barre read it carefully twice. Then she gave it back to the little girl. As she did so, she said somewhat sorrowfully :

"You should have seen that letter long ago, miss."

"Yes, Nurse Barre; but it doesn't matter very much now, does it?"

"Perhaps it doesn't; and, anyway, I am not to blame, miss, not in the least, it being yourself who said that your pa wouldn't like his papers pried into."

"Yes, Nurse Barre."

The child crept closer, and Nurse Barre's voice grew softer.

"Have you any wishes, Miss Rotha? Is there any step that you would like to take?"

"Yes, I shall go to Miss Warwick."

"You aren't serious, miss?"

"Yes, I am. Papa writes that I am to go to her."

"You must get leave from Mrs. Archdale."

"Yes."

"And who is to take you to England?"

"Will not you, Nurse Barre?"

"I?—bless you, child!—I?"

"Yes, Nurse Barre. You say every year that you mean to go to England."

"True enough, miss. But saying is one thing, and doing's another; you've still to learn that, Miss Rotha. It's kind of comforting to keep on saying a thing, though it's making a doop of yourself."

What was a doop? With difficulty Rotha refrained from asking this question, and—moved she knew not by what—put her small soft hand on the large one.

That decided Nurse Barre.

"I'll go with you to England, miss," she said quietly, "Mrs. Archdale permitting. And now, miss, don't you see the time?"

It was five o'clock. The child stepped to the floor, put on her hat, and then stood pulling the elastic band which kept it firm, and which was slipped under her chin. Something was evidently passing in her mind. After pondering for some moments, she went over to Nurse Barre, and said gravely :

"When I am grown up I shall know how to do it."

"To do what, miss?"

"To say a nice 'Thank you, Nurse Barre.' May I kiss you, please?"

The old face was bent, and the young face was lifted. It seemed to Nurse Barre a very nice "Thank you."

CHAPTER XIV.—MRS. ARCHDALE HOPES THAT ROTHAS HAS NOT BEEN NAUGHTY.

DURING her walk from Nurse Barre's to the Villa Eugénie Rotha never once loosed hold of the elastic band beneath her chin. She walked in deep reverie, and the held band appeared to steady the small head, and aid—one knows not

how—in the working out of the problem which perplexed it. Within sight of the house which had for the four past years been her home, she sat down on a bench by the roadside. One thing was clear: she had directions from her father. Another thing was equally clear: she must follow them. Clearly her duty was to go to her father's friend. It was not, perhaps, the less clearly a duty that it was a pleasant one. To see one who had known her father would be a great happiness. Not that the parting from Marseilles would go off without a pang. She had good friends there. Things became suddenly clearer than they had ever been before. A wonderful process had taken place; a soul had passed from childhood to girlhood. Two things stood out in a new light. No time had been lost before thanking Nurse Barre; no time must be lost in thanking Mrs. Archdale. Hatted as she was, she went before that lady, who looked up with some surprise from the table at which she was writing, and said gravely:

"I hope, Rotha, you have not been naughty?"

To Mrs. Archdale, a child's life was embraced between two words—"naughty" and "good." When the child was not naughty, it was good; and when it was not good, it was naughty. Goodness consisted in obeying the ten and odd commandments which regulated her household, as they regulate every fairly well-conducted English homestead. The breach of any one of these commandments constituted naughtiness. As they were based on close observation of the outer rather than of the inner life, it was not difficult for Rotha Fleetwood to conform to them. The child was naturally order-loving and studious; her grave quiet passed for courtesy; being self-contained, she was considered to be self-denying; and being accredited with all these admirable qualities, she was regarded as that rare and lovely thing—a "good" person. In this character she was held up as a model to two persons, who were, if the truth be told, quite as good as herself: Rowan—unduly proud of being a boy, but, apart from this weakness, as boys go, a very passable specimen of humanity—and Bride, very idle and somewhat frivolous—in a word, lacking in "sterner stuff"—but, viewed as a young maid not yet in her second decade, full of sweet promise. It was a matter of almost daily occurrence for one or other of these two, Rowan or Bride, to appear before Mrs. Archdale, and stand in her presence a mute picture of regret—Rowan with his head hanging, Bride with head erect, but with her eyes two dim pools. This crimination of themselves was no voluntary act on the part of the two children, but was the result of moral pressure brought to bear on them by Osborne, who was, by unanimous consent, constituted guardian of home morals. When the silence of the little ones became oppressive, it was Mrs. Archdale's custom to say, in that grave tone which men use to convey the impression that they speak more in sorrow than in anger:

"I hope, my dears, you have not been naughty?"

Encouraged thus to speak, Rowan would commonly plead guilty to a breach of the rules during the later morning lessons, when the tension of sitting still became greater than he appeared able

to endure with fortitude; while Bride would pour forth an incoherent tale, broken by sobs, from which it was only possible to gather that she had at divers times throughout the hours set apart for the acquisition of learning been guilty of slips and trips which had shocked her teachers, and, having been made the subject of severe comment by Osborne, had brought her to this abyss of remorse. To Mrs. Archdale these scenes were not pleasant, for they necessitated her rebuking the children, which was pain to her good heart, while they likewise obliged her to exhort them—a thing not easy to one so little eloquent as she. Commonly, she sought refuge in a short speech, somewhat to this effect: "How very, very naughty, my dears. You must promise me that you will not do this again. And now give me a kiss and run away."

Facial play set off these words a little, so that, uttered, they were not quite so bald as they are written.

As Rotha stood before the kind, ineloquent woman, the latter would have liked only too well to say, waiving the ceremony of confession: "Promise me, dear, that you will never do it again, and give me a kiss and run away." There was something, however, in the earnest face which exacted the usual order of things, wherefore Mrs. Archdale, of these two far the more embarrassed, said, glancing at the child before her, who, hatted though she still was, had ceased to play with that elastic:

"I—I hope, Rotha, you have not been naughty?"

For the first time the ludicrous banality of the oft-repeated phrase struck the lady who used it. The child's still eyes looked into hers, and nothing was said. There was no touch of superciliousness in the small face, and no impertinent suggestion of anger; but some surprise and great perplexity were in it. The remark, it was evident, struck the little girl as so irrelevant that she decided that it might with courtesy be ignored. Consequently she remained silent, and it was as if nothing had been said, and what conversation there was to take place had still to be opened up. In Mrs. Archdale's words, used in alluding to the incident many years afterwards, when time and rubbing shoulders with the world had given her a bigger outlook and a wider range of speech:

"If I had merely ahem'd, as a nervous reciter does, the child could not have treated the thing more as a preliminary commonplace. I can't remember ever feeling my face get hotter. There was nothing for it but to start afresh."

CHAPTER XV.—MRS. ARCHDALE RECEIVES ROTHAS THANKS, AND A SERIOUS CONVERSATION TAKES PLACE.

MRS. ARCHDALE started afresh. With a perfect good temper, which was very charming, she drew the child towards her.

"What brings you to me, Rotha? Suppose you sit on my lap and tell me."

Rotha seated herself as directed, and her small hand was taken in the larger one.

"I want"—she spoke slowly, thinking the words

—"I want to thank you for being so good to me. I came to do that."

"My dear, you astonish me."

Mrs. Archdale's face had flushed deeply as she spoke, without thinking, these not particularly felicitous words, which she at once attempted to mend.

"What I mean is, Rotha, you see, you've been with me for years, and in all that time—well, dear, what in the world puts it into your head to thank me to-day?"

This was not a great improvement on what had gone before. All was righted, however, by Mrs. Archdale's having recourse to woman's best eloquence—a kiss. There was no mistaking the kindness in the kiss.

"And now, Rotha," she added, the not very long interview beginning to pall on her, "don't you think, dear, you'd like to run off?"

"Do you mind my staying?"

"Not in the least;" the pretty face broke into a puzzled smile; "you have something more to say, I suppose. Say it."

"It is only this. I read my father's letters at Nurse Barre's to-day."

"Your father's letters! My dear Rotha, what are you talking of?"

"The letters that were kept by Nurse Barre for me to read when I was twelve years old."

"You never told me about them, Rotha." A look of great vexation passed over Mrs. Archdale's face. "That was not right of you—not at all right. I am very displeased, and I shall tell Nurse Barre so. What are they about, and whom are they from?"

"Some of them are from my mother."

"Yes, yes, I daresay; but, tell me, are there any from your grandfather?"

"There was one."

"Where is it?"

"I burnt it, Mrs. Archdale."

"Burnt it? You must be crazed, my dear child, where was it from?"

"I forget."

"Well, I hope Nurse Barre remembers. I have meant over and over again to take steps to find out his whereabouts, for though, of course, my husband would have wished you to live with me, and your father would have liked it, still—" Mrs. Archdale, who had spoken in some excitement, came to a full stop. "The fact is, Rotha," she resumed, after a silence of some moments, "your grandfather is, I have always heard, enormously rich—e-normously; and though that doesn't make him at all nicer, of course—well, you should certainly have borne in mind that he was your grandfather, and your—er—natural protector."

"Does that mean that I ought to live with him, Mrs. Archdale?"

"Well, yes, dear."

"I will never live with him. He was rude to my father, and wrote of my mother what I could not say. Please, is only a relation a natural protector?"

"Yes, my dear. Whom else are you thinking of?"

"A lady whom my father knew."

"Do you not know her name?"

"Yes. Miss Onora Warwick."

"Warwick?—Warwick? Let me think who that can be. Yes, now I remember. That was the name of your father's nurse, or governess, or something of that kind. She stayed on as housekeeper after he went to school. He was greatly attached to her, I have always heard. When he quarrelled with your grandfather, just—well, just before his marriage, she took his part, left the house, and went into business, I believe, or did something else very funny. An impossible sort of person. Very clever, I have always heard. She must be very old now, by the way."

"Is—is business a shop?"

"Sometimes. She has a shop, I have been told."

"I don't like a shop. I shan't go into the shop."

"My dear, you don't mean to tell me that you think of going to this person."

"Yes, I am going to her."

"Come, now, Rotha, don't talk nonsense. If you go away from me, you must go to your grandfather. I will take you to your grandfather myself, if you like."

"Nurse Barre will take me to Miss Warwick, Mrs. Archdale."

"Nurse Barre!—Miss Warwick! I haven't common patience with you, Rotha. It's not as if you were like any other child—you've heaps of sense. You shall not go to Miss Warwick from this house."

"I will go to her from Nurse Barre's."

The child stepped on to the floor as she spoke. At the door of the room she turned back:

"Are you angry with me, Mrs. Archdale?"

"Yes."

"I wish you were not."

No answer to this from Mrs. Archdale, but a great silence in the room; and then again the child's voice:

"Am I to stay with you?"

Mrs. Archdale turned round.

"I am quite willing for you to go to your grandfather, Rotha."

"I will never go to my grandfather. I will rather go to Miss Warwick's sh—"

"My dear, you are in a passion. Leave me, please."

A minute later Rotha lay, face down, upon her bed, and said to the pillow-case, not once, but many times:

"She is a wicked woman. She would let me go to my grandfather; but I will never go to him. I will rather go to Miss Warwick's sh—"

Even to the pillow-case Rotha Fleetwood would not say complete the word "shop." It was lost in a burst of tears, and the end of the world seemed very near.

AN ABERDEEN STUDENT OF TO-DAY.



Lewis Morrison Grant.

HOW much has been written about the pathos of Autumn!—about

“Wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere”!

But those Autumn leaves have manifestly fulfilled their purpose, have sheltered the mature fruit, and may well perish ruddily, like good old age blushing at the praise of its accomplished work.

There is a far sadder sight—when, through some high wind, or some unseasonable frost, slain Spring blossoms strew the ground, mocking us with the broken promise of fruit which we shall never gather!

What can we do? We can but pick up a few of the scattered petals, storing them between dainty pages, a relic of unfulfilled beauty and delight.

Is not this what we do, when we strive to rescue from the rapid tides of oblivion a few fragmentary episodes appertaining to genius which perished, not in its prime, but in its promise? Surely our hearts would miss much if the stories of Kirke White and Chatterton, of David Gray and Robert Heath, had never been told to the world. And as there is always a strange tendency to relegate pathos and

tragedy to life in the tender light of yesterday, it may be well to bring forth evidence that pathos and tragedy are with us to-day, as fresh as ever.

Let us hear the story of Lewis Morrison Grant, who was born on December 9, 1872, in a little cottage at the top of Loch Park, in Banffshire. His father was, at that time, cattleman in the employ of one of the neighbouring lairds. There does not appear to have been much of that traditional “gentler” lineage which so often appears among the Scottish peasantry. Yet the family did not lack picturesque memories. At least we know that on the mother’s side, three or four generations earlier, there had been a reputed “witch,” and Lewis’s own grandmother had taken prominent and striking part in the proceedings of the “Disruption Year” (1843).

Lewis always retained the tenderest feelings for his birthplace, which is one of the sweetest spots in Banffshire, though its lonely shore is now skirted by a railway. While he was still quite a young child his father changed his employment, entering service at the Mill o’ Towie, and the household was removed to Newtown Cottage, hard by the mill. The character of the surroundings, however, re-

mained of the same type, for Newtown Cottage stands on the banks of the little river Isla, which has its source in Loch Park.

The Isla is certainly a beautiful neighbour,

in flood times it occasionally invaded it! Small wonder that the child (the first of the flock) was delicate, and that in his earlier years his life was twice despaired of!

It was a home of the very humblest quality, so far as externals go. But Scotland is a country about which English people do not quite know everything even after a stay in Edinburgh, a tour



NEWTOWN COTTAGE, MILL O' TOWIE, LEWIS GRANT'S HOME.

and doubtless served the little lad after the fashion indicated by Robert Burns when he sang :

"The muse?—Na poet ever fand her
Till by himsel' he learned to wander
Adown some tinkling burn'r meander,
An' no think lang!"

But the stream may not have been an unmixed blessing, for it flowed so near the cottage that

through the Trossachs, and a sail up the West Coast! In many a humble home in the North Country the beautiful theory of plain living and high thinking is realised to its utmost extent; though this is not always to be discovered by stray strangers who accept half an hour's hospitable shelter, and get but monosyllabic replies to patronising questions. In young Grant's poor abode it is certain that he was surrounded by an atmosphere of intelligent interest in the larger questions of

books and life, which it might not be easy to find in far more comfortable and promising abodes in Southern villages.

His childhood was hedged in by every condition of sternest necessity. It is said that with his mother's help he learned the alphabet, and taught himself to write by copying the letters from hand-bills, using the hearth as a slate! He could only attend "school" at intervals; the rest of his time he was occupied, face to face with nature, in the lonely calling of a cowherd.

He began to write verse in his eleventh year, but in the natural pride of higher attainment he afterwards destroyed those earlier productions. From that time, probably by great family effort, he seems to have attended Keith School regularly till he was sixteen, when school work was interrupted by a severe illness. But even the leisure of long convalescence was employed in reading standard English literature and in further literary effort. The boy of sixteen wrote to a friend: "I must work and depend on Providence for results. I feel an awful weight of responsibility on me. . . . I feel afraid, not of death, but of the hopes built upon me."

He first appeared in print (in the "People's Journal") about 1888. One of his earliest published productions was a poem, "A Dewdrop on a Rose," which elicited the spontaneous recognition of the well-known Edinburgh professor, John Blackie, who believed the verses to be "a prophecy of something far above the average in the record of the Muses," and wrote the boy a letter of generous praise and counsel.

Lewis's first attempt to enter Aberdeen University was a failure. In his case it depended wholly on his success in winning one of the bursaries which "pious patrons" have provided to smoothe the path of poor but "ingenious youth" to the higher education. The bursaries, nearly a hundred in number, are mostly of small value—the highest worth about thirty pounds, the greater number running from ten to twenty. Such render very ample help to the type of Scotch country lad with thrifty habits of dress and diet for whom these benefactions were originally planned, though they can provide little more than "pocket money" for many modern competitors of a very different class, who, by dint of prolonged coaching, "regardless of expense," occasionally snatch the reward from the Spartan endurance and economy at which they are but too apt to scoff.

Lewis Grant's schooldays had been interrupted first by the exigencies of bread-winning, next by ill-health. He had had to get books as he could, rather than as he should. There had been no "coaching" for him—only solitary labour, in a small dim room, among all the interruptions of lowly family life. His failure at that bursary competition was a far higher thing than the success of many.

He was not daunted. He instantly set to work again—turning to poetry only, as he said, "as a pleasant relaxation during hours that will not bear the stress of study." At the next examination, in the autumn of 1890, he succeeded in winning a bursary of medium value, and so became a red-

cloaked "bajan" (or junior student) of stately King's College, in quiet, quaint old Aberdeen.

His means were still of the narrowest, scarcely sufficient even for his simplest needs. During the first winter of his college life he eked them out by teaching "home lessons," and such other strenuous and poorly paid tutorial effort—terribly trying to the delicate, highly strung youth, who really needed any leisure his own studies might spare for the rest and refreshment of his restless sensitive brain.

Before the next winter he had conceived the idea that the publication of a book of poems might help his resources. A wild idea of course! But wild hopes are born of desperation and despair.

He engaged with a publisher to pay the expenses of the book by getting up a list of two hundred subscribers. Of course it was heart-sickening work. Oh, it does not surely need much imagination to realise what he must have gone through! Think of the downright snubs—of the "cold smiles," perhaps harder to bear—think of the dead-locks—think of the horrible dread of failure—of deficit. Then there were a thousand unexpected little outgoings with no present incomings to meet them! It is one comfort concerning those darkest days to know that sympathy and love were at hand, yet, yet alas! they were well-nigh helpless, though he would not have said so, but thanked God for them, as his best blessing!

We must tell no detailed narrative of that time. It could serve no end, and there are still living hearts that might be wounded. Would you know all? Go and read of Samuel Johnson sitting behind his publisher's screen to hide his shabby coat—go and read of Goldsmith in his bare attic—go and read of Chatterton in his last lonely, famished wanderings. And then know that similar agonies are lived through to-day—in university towns—and amid throngs of fellow students, some of whom get pity and pettings, when they run in debt at the drinking bar or the gambling divan. Oh, we would not have less pity and petting in this world! but we would have a thrift of them, leading, as thrift always should, to a wiser expenditure.

All the while he was writing verses such as these:

THE CITY.

"I dwelt by a lonely river
In the valleys far o'er yon hill,
Where the yellow cornfields quiver,
Where human things are still.

"And afar away from the valleys
A city there lay: in the noon
Stood granite each tower and palace
That was marble in the moon.

"I dreamed of the City: now lonely
Here in my heart's despond
I dream not; thinking me only
Of the holy vales beyond."

Or again:

TWO STARS.

"A Star that is dim and unseen
Looks forth on a queenlier Star
That shineth in heavens serene,
Discerned from afar.

"It shines with a million rays
In the uttermost regions discerned:
And the eyes of the dim Star gaze
With a gaze unreturned."

Or:

SUN AND MOON.

"The Sun gives light imperially
To all his circling spheres,
And comes and goes with pomps and glows
Of splendour through the years.

"And the Moon, a gentle wayfarer,
Keeps nigh one orb alone,
And raineth o'er it evermore
A sweet light all its own."

Or the sonnet

SERENITY.

"Even as some unseen unknown lagoon,
By a thousand fronded palms made shadowy
And zoned by a coral isle in the far sea,
Mirrors by day the sun, the serene moon
And all the southern stars at night's calm noon,
And with the ebb and flow of the ocean tide
Falleth and riseth gently, and beside

nineteen. For that was his age when the book of poems, which cost him so dear, finally appeared.

At the very darkest hour help came, only just in time to avert tragic crisis, too late, as it proved, for permanent relief. A friendly home—the house of a fellow student—was cordially opened to Lewis. Helpful hands were stretched out, full of homely succour—it was the homeliest succour which was needed. To such a spirit as his all this was probably supremest pain. His first instinct was to recoil in proud independence. A single unwary touch, and help would have been proffered in vain. But delicacy and wisdom found fitting arguments. There was a pause, in which a battle was fought out in the high young spirit. Then he yielded. He wrote "It would be paganism and not Christianity which could make me rebel."

His book was brought out. It was called "Protomantis, and other Poems." It had no dedication, no propitiatory hint as to the author's youth or condition, nor any other adventitious claim to notice. Experienced advisers would probably have counselled the weeding out of many of the pieces comprised in the volume. But the verdict of the



KING'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

The waves, sits listening to their endless tune,
Yet gives to them no entrance; even so
Thy spirit dwells amid the waves of life,
And strives to keep God's image on its breast
Unshivered: and is moved by human woe
And gladness; and though touched not by man's strife,
Still feels for man's perpetual sad unrest."

Let it be always borne in mind that all this work
had been done by this peasant boy before he was

critics was, on the whole, favourable—no small matter in these days, when it concerns a volume of poetry whose chief piece runs the length of twenty-eight pages! Though many readers doubtless passed by "Protomantis" in favour of some of the short lyrics farther on, we venture to think that any who have cared to study it must have been impressed both by its power and by its purpose. There is something Dantesque in the allegory of the Gloomy Valley, without hope or

outlet, till one man goes forth alone to see if there be any way to brighter regions, toiling ever onward, his soul sick with

"Infinite weariness and longing for
The faces he had left."

Onward he still goes, and onward,

"Ever hoping for
Green valleys, and in vain; yet heeding not
The failing hopes."

At last! he sees "the glory of stainless light," on the far horizon, and when the stars come out, he sinks to sleep. The wretched people in the Gloomy Valley have been moved to follow him:

"Tracing his footmarks ever where they were,
And where in rank deep grasses they were lost
Or were not on the printless rocks, they trod
Oftenest the only way that lay to them,
And oft the way that one might easiest tread,
And ever found his footprints soon again."

On the seventh mountain

"In awe and silence and foreboding woe,
And toward the hour of eventide, they found
The Pilgrim dead, pillowed upon a stone."

Then some think

"What avails it now when he is dead?
We need not wander farther:"

But one old man was wiser, and announced

"Tis impious thus to blame the dead:
Lo, he hath striven and overcome, although
His eyes saw not the end. . . .
He is our prophet: in his young dead eyes
There is more wisdom than in all the old!
. . . Shall we, who have struggled on thus far,
Spurning his strife, sit down by him to die?
Nay, we will wander over worlds until
We find our heritage. God's voice that calls
To us in semblance of a man's, hath called
On us to wander till we find a home."

Then

"One maiden stepped from out the little band,
And, kneeling down, kissed the dead Leader's brow;
And all the people followed."

But a voice goes forth against the erection of any memorial mark where the dead man is buried—

"This mountain is his trophy and his tomb;
So be it his memorial."

And the solemn procession moves on.

"Far o'er
The mountains that primeval band went on,
And found at last a vale where man might live,
Though not from sorrow and toil and woe set free,
And man returned to the old vale no more,
And visited no more those mountain heights;
And dire convulsions swept that valley away
And shattered those stern mountains long ago."

Surely a noble parable! And still remember that it was written by a lad not nineteen, peasant-born, who had seen little but his own paternal hill-side, who had had no scholarly surroundings, who must

have groped over such books as he could attain to by the dim lamp in a cottage kitchen! As thoughtful James Smetham has wisely said, "In estimating the works of men ~~as~~ works, we apply an abstract standard: but in estimating a *career*, it is well to pause and remember the circumstances under which the given results are produced."

Perhaps Lewis Grant's most finished work is to be found in the sixty sonnets which he grouped together as a "Litany." One or two only may we quote. Take the XXI:

"A Presence walks upon the stormy sea
Of Time, and stills its tumult, and afar
Sheds a pure, holy radiance like a star
Illumining and guiding: even while we
Dream that we sink and perish utterly.
The tempests gather, the wild billows war,
Only a little while. Ere long we are
Safe, and escaped the peril and agony
Of storm most turbulent and most starless night.
They cannot touch us; and one light is o'er
All days, to guide us to the blessed clime
Of our desire—one holy and guiding light
That full of love and beauty evermore
Moves a pure Presence, on the sea of Time."

A different note is struck in Sonnet XLII:

"Against my soul continual strife I have striven
In silence to forgive all injury
And insult any may have done to me;
Even as I hope and trust to be forgiven
Of sin's defilement in the eyes of Heaven.
I have striven—and haply even that strife may be
Not all in vain—against the memory
Of cold, false deeds and words, and glances even
More false and cruel than they. But should the heart
Forgive the wrongs unto another done
Who is more to me than even the life I live?
I know not: Thou who know'st all things, impart
Wisdom and strength, that I may know and own
The right, and if it be my task, forgive."

What pathos there is in the appeal in Sonnet XLVI. against

"The hands that hold us backward even for love!"

and what force in the prayer with which Sonnet LIII. opens:

"Send us great souls, O God, and dowered with light;
Stars, and not jets that issue from the low
And poisonous sunken marshes where grow
Continually the seeds of human blight
And death."

But we must pass on from these sonnets, much as they tempt us to linger. Indeed, we must leave behind us the volume "Protomantis, and other Poems," and return to the sweetest, saddest poem of all, the young singer's own fading life. Well might Mrs. Browning say—

"Half a beast was the great god Pan
To laugh as he sat by the river
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain,
For the reed that will never more be again
A reed with the reeds of the river."

As we have seen, those winters in Aberdeen, and the issue of the poems, had brought friends. The doors of a career stood at least ajar. But alas! there was no strength to go forward. When the winter session of 1892 approached, it was plain that Lewis was unfit to join his classes. A sojourn in some warm region on the south coast was planned for him, but the medical verdict was against his power to take the journey—the significant opinion “that he had better not be too far from home.”

At this period, “home” was no longer Newtown Cottage, with its sheltering tree and its whispering river. The invasions of the Isla had, at last, compelled removal, and the household had taken refuge temporarily in the neighbouring town of Keith. There Lewis “wore through” the dreary winter, mostly confined to his bed, ministered to by his devoted mother, and lacking nothing at least which her love and care could supply.

It was a touching detail in the pathos of his end, that through all those months, one of his greatest friends could never go to see him—was never to see him again—being the prisoner of long years of hopeless helplessness, to whose weary confinement Lewis himself had been as a sunbeam on the walls of life. It is pathetic to note how he had striven by a thousand efforts to make real the places to which he could never take this friend—drawing a little map of his native district—telling of the very trees that grew about his home.

So the life struggle wore to its close. There was a perfect peace—a plenteous fulfilment of his own favourite verse, “At eventide there shall be light.” He passed away “in the gloaming” on June 29, 1893.

About a month before his death, the family removed from Keith to the little Croft of Goldenwells. Lewis left the world as he entered it, a

so that in a double sense he may have realised his own words—

“Whatever evils Day hath done,
Whatever souls have suffered wrong,
Whatever woes the falling sun
Will leave to darkness to prolong:

“Thou art a dream of beauty, Even!
Thou art a dower to lonely eyes;
Thou art an evanescent heaven
Descending through the languid skies.”

He was buried in the little kirkyard at Drummur, some distance from his home. The funeral procession encountered such a storm of wind and rain that it could scarcely struggle on its way. There was a wide gathering of homely country-folk—convened, not because a poet had perished before his prime, but because Lewis belonged to one of the “old families” which are to be found among peasants as well as among peers, and because the Scotch heart is always soft to the sorrow of a father and mother bereaved of “a promising laddie.”

What was the earthly future that was then cut off? It is hard to reckon. But there is a quality about Lewis Grant's poetry which makes us feel that, whatever be its particular promise or merit, there was something in himself which transcended it. It has been said even by some who cordially recognised his genius, that it was the genius of death, that his muse dealt only with sorrow and effort and disappointment. But is it fair to bring this accusation against Lewis Grant? Might not he have said with Millet, “I wish to do nothing that is not the result of an impression from reality. It is not the joyous side of things that appears to me. I do not know where it is.” As the world wills to give out life to a genius, so only can the genius reflect it back. But Lewis Grant



THE CROFT OF GOLDENWELLS, WHERE LEWIS GRANT DIED.

peasant's son in a peasant's house—a humble house, but with wide and beautiful outlooks.

It is pleasant, therefore, to know that before he passed from earth he had once more lived where, as he sung—

“Glorious 'mid the western pines
On the horizon of the west,
Like flames that sweep a forest, shines
The splendour of a sun at rest;”

had none of the common youthful courtship of shadow, and delight in despondency. Witness his protest against “the worship of Sorrow”:

“Outpour your libations to Sadness,
To Madness, to Hell, if you care;
I would rather be worshipping Gladness
In Temples of Heaven's free air.”

A soul like his could accept only the real thing.

With keen insight he tells us in his "Lux in Tenebris":

"The modern joy of men
Is not a holy gladness."

What strikes us in Lewis Grant is not despondency, nor gloom, nor wailing, but fortitude, patience, that noble attitude of mind which can be expressed neither by "resignation" nor "submission" but only by "acceptance"—the relation towards God and all mankind of the type which he himself gives in a little snatch found among his unpublished verses:

" 'Beloved, if I win thee,
A true knight sang to his love;
'My soul shall be a heaven
Where thou, as its moon, wilt move.

'But if thou still refuse me,
Think not that I then shall be
Only a waste of darkness,
For that were unworthy thee!'"

Nor did he approach those dubious founts from which young poets often derive a questionable inspiration. Among his unpublished fragments there is one called "Old Worship," from which we take two verses:

"Women shall deem it insult
Hereafter to be named
With Venus, if for beauty,
And only beauty, famed.

'How could she have been loving,
Who loved not one aright?
And how supremely beautiful,
Whose soul was black as night?"

Rebellion, too, of all kinds is entirely absent from Lewis Grant's verse. Living in his humble cot in the open face of nature, he had so many of the things best for the soul, that he does not seem to have much heeded what else was denied! He was spared the social bitterness that is almost inevitably bred in the poet reared in the back streets of a great capital, where luxury flaunts in the face of want, and he sees what would serve to redeem a life wasted on a joyless feast or on the gems of a light woman. And Lewis was far too true a poet to be in danger of the common rebellion against those forms and dogmas, necessarily imperfect, by which alone spirit can express itself—he was safe in the last of his own "Three Temples."

Yet it seems quite possible that the genius of Lewis Grant had not taken its final shape. Widely different developments might have awaited it in this life's changing climate. We may note that one of those who knew him best and loves him most writes, "He was so free from 'poetical' weaknesses, and his goodness had just that touch, that possibility of sternness, which I think this world's work often needs."

On my desk as I write lies an interesting relic. It is a cheap edition of Carlyle's "Hero-worship" with manuscript notes by Lewis Grant. Oddly enough there is no note on the hero as Poet. This omission is the stranger as Lewis Grant felt a great

attraction to Dante, and is known (in the prospect of death) to have written some lines, "I shall see Dante," which have been unfortunately mislaid. The notes on the other lectures are in Lewis's own graceful, cultivated handwriting, fine as any Greek professor's, which his short life had developed out of his early attempts with chalk on the hearth!

On the "Hero as Divinity" this youth writes:

"Why did Carlyle hesitate to speak out frankly (either under this heading or under another, the Hero as Prophet) about the highest of all Heroes? In lectures so earnest, so true, so full of lifeblood, should any sacredness have repelled him or anyone? There never trod the earth a more heroic soul than He who taught us universal love, who laid the axe at the root of the rotten tree of hypocrisy and dead formalism, who came enunciating the sublimest thing hitherto taught: 'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth'—who died for what He taught.
"Why was there not selected one of the loftiest class of heroes, one who has sealed his teaching by heroic death—a martyr hero?"

The lecture on the hero as "Man of Letters" is followed by a note headed

THE HERO UNKNOWN.

"If one wanders through a crowded city he will meet one face in ten thousand within whose lineaments is written, if one would look, not the jubilation of victory, of even awaited and anticipated triumph, but a struggle that is in itself all the overcoming that may be hoped for. Blessed are they who have learned to struggle! Happy they whose swords are flashing in the 'splendours of battle'! There is no defeat save in not striving. If thou hast overcome that cowardice that would avoid the thunder, and the crashing of the battle of life; if thou, to the best of thy ability, art fighting valiantly, I at least shall not dare to say that thou art not a Hero, though thy name is unknown to all mortals. Thinkest thou that there is not time in eternity to recall and remember a million of names that have dropped from the records of earth?"

On the very last page of the whole book is written:

"Very well, thou greatest of modern sages, who wast thyself a Hero! Yet would to Heaven that thou hadst paid deeper tribute to the altogether voiceless heroism that is and must be pent in to its own little surroundings, that hath, nevertheless, a thousand unnoticed influences which, if any one could have seen, thou, O Sage, couldst have seen with those prophetic, inscoring, violet eyes of thine! 'The history of the world, the history of great men?' Nay, rather all that is worth recording of silent suffering and struggling ones, great or little outwardly to the world's view, but inwardly, indubitably great!"

(It is singular to note how Carlyle's style had more influence over young Grant's sympathetic ear, than his thought had on his judgment.)

Well, it is ended. Such loss as there may be in this life's unfulfilled promise is with the world and not with Lewis Grant. The world cries "O the pity of it!" when it finds it has trampled a pearl. And perhaps it lays some beautiful plan by which such pearls shall be picked up in future. But no, artificial arrangements only gather pinchbeck! If the world would not crush pearls, it must purify its own eyes and look to its own steps, not so much that pearls may be spared, but that righteousness may be served. For as a keen philosopher of our own day has reminded us, "'I might have served him!'" is not always the soliloquy of late compassion or of virtuous repentance; it is frequently the cry of blind and impotent and

wounded pride, angry at itself for having neglected a good bargain—a rich reversion. . . . There are few whom God has promoted to serve the truly great."

No words with which this paper might close could be so worthy as a verse or two from a noble requiem written years ago, when another life like this found like completion :

"Tho' the world could turn from you,
This, at least, I learn from you,
Beauty and Truth, though never found, are worthy to be sought,
The singer, upward springing,
Is grander than his singing,
And tranquil self-sufficing joy illumines the dark of thought.

This, at least, you teach me,
In a revelation,
That gods still snatch, as worthy death, the soul in its aspiration.

"Noble thought produces
Noble ends and uses ;
Noble hopes are part of Hope, wherever it may be.
Noble thought enhances
Life and all its chances,
And noble self is noble song—all this I learn from thee !
And I learn moreover,
Mid the city's strife too,
That such pure song as sweetens Death, can sweeten the singer's life, too.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

TWO EPISODES IN A COWARD'S LIFE.

"You blame me that I ran away?
Why, sir, the enemy advanced ;
Balls flew about, and who can say
But one, if I stood firm, had glanced
In my direction. Cowardice?"

BROWNING.

"IS not physical courage the commonest attribute of man, and has it not been possessed by the most vulgar natures? Why, then, is it always spoken of with admiration, and wherefore the frequent use of those tiresome adjectives, 'brave,' 'valiant'—and their antitheses, 'vile,' 'cowardly'? Are not the savage races brave? Are not lions and tigers and bulldogs brave? Why, then, is the exceptional man despised who happens to be wanting in this animal courage? Is it not an unjust prejudice?"

These questions were addressed to me by an interesting Italian whom I had known for some time in a university town, and whom I now found was my travelling-companion, by chance, in a little rickety carriage which conveyed us from one village to another in the Tuscan Apennines. I was in search of a summer residence for myself and my relatives in some quiet, cool spot, with wood, water, and the necessities of life. Milk being one of our modest requirements, I wished to find a village that was the happy possessor of a cow, or at least a goat. As the Tuscan mountaineers can live very well without milk or butter, this was not so easy to accomplish as might be supposed, especially in that barren region which I was traversing. From one village to another there are vast stretches of rocky mountain where you never meet a cottage, a man, or an animal. The interesting commune of Pienza, with its gardens of fig-trees, olives, and vines, and its grand old castle which had belonged to Pope Piccolomini, was an oasis in the desert. I stopped at the little hotel, and asked for coffee and milk in the morning.

"Milk!" exclaimed the hostess with a look of consternation, and retreated without another word. After a while she returned, determined to face the

difficulty boldly. She assured me she had the most earnest desire to serve me, but what I asked was an impossibility.

"Imagine, if I could procure the milk of hens for you, would I not do it!" she added, with an air of the utmost devotion.

"Oh, I did not know I had asked for anything very unreasonable," I apologised; and I called for my driver, a simple, good old soul, with a capital little horse which, he said, "loved him like a Christian."

We descended the excellent road to the next village with great rapidity, in the early, cool morning, and paused for a little rest and refreshment at the inn. There was no cow at St. Quirico, and as it was sadly wanting in trees I resolved to proceed at once on my way. Just as I was about to set out, the host asked me, as a favour, to permit another traveller to share the carriage as far as the nearest railway station, as he had missed the post-car. I agreed; and on going out, I found in my fellow-traveller the acquaintance already mentioned.

Signor Guerrieri was an old young man—that is to say, he was about forty years of age; but as he was a bachelor whose hair was still untinged with grey, and he had preserved his slender outline of figure, he was called by courtesy a *giovannotto*. He was a man who led a quiet, retired life, fulfilling with punctilious regularity his duties in a government office, taking his evening walks on lonely roads, haunting the public library in spare hours, and rarely seen at club or café. My people and I had met him occasionally at a professor's house, and we had exchanged the courtesy of lending books—establishing a sort of international library, so to speak, which was a pleasant arrangement for both parties. It is more than twenty years ago, the time I speak of. Italy was fresh to me and I was eager to learn about it. On the other hand, our new acquaintance had a great admiration for England, and a passion for English literature. When introduced to a new book and told it was worth perusal, his eye brightened and he showed unusual animation. But he was not an indiscriminate lover

of books. He had a fine literary acumen, and would have made an admirable critic if he had had ambition enough to write. His face had the delicate pallor, the refined look, which "low living and high thinking" bespeak. He had a fine brow, rather high than broad, intelligent, soft brown eyes, and a characterless nose. Though he dressed well and had a good library, he was said to be very poor. His mother had died the year before, and he lived alone with her old servant, who ministered to his wants. I never was inside his house, so I do not know whether he divided his small income into separate piles for the different items in house-keeping, as we read of so many poor celebrities doing. I never could understand why that division made the money go farther; and still less could I see the object of leaving these little piles confidingly on the mantelpiece instead of locking them in a cash-box. But that is neither here nor there.

My acquaintance with Signor Guerrieri was, as I have said, casual; but his appreciation of our great men predisposed me in favour of this intelligent foreigner. If he had been wanting in this appreciation, I should hardly have considered him intelligent. I was therefore not ill-pleased when, instead of a stranger, I met him standing outside the inn door in the narrow steep street of St. Quirico, ready to hand me into the carriage. The June sun was already high in the blue vault, but the air of those mountains is pure and exhilarating in an extraordinary degree, and the heat did not inconvenience us. The aspect of the country presented no feature of interest, so the conversation flowed without interruption.

"You think these places inhospitable," he said, "but they were much worse twenty years ago, and worse in the Roman provinces than in Tuscany."

"So I conclude by what I have read. Especially was I struck by Massimo D'Azeglio's graphic descriptions in his 'Ricordi' of the primitive state of village-society which he met when travelling about trying to work up the spirit of nationality. I am interested in all the makers of Italy, but Azeglio is a special cult of mine. Did you ever meet him?"

"Yes, I knew him," replied the Italian. "Your opinion of him is just. He had a rare combination of qualities and accomplishments."

"Tell me more about him," I entreated, settling myself to listen as comfortably as the rickety trap would allow. My companion talked on, relating anecdotes personal and historical.

"It was hard," he said, "for a literary man and an artist to take to soldiering at fifty; but he acquitted himself well in that line also."

"In 1848? I have been reading lately, in his letters, of his indignation with a few volunteers who showed the white feather in that campaign. They were very few, for the majority behaved with great courage and constancy."

My travelling-companion was silent for a brief space after I said this; and I knew so little of what was going on in his mind that I feared I had hurt his national pride by alluding to the runaway recruits in the Pontifical army in 1848. It seemed as if my remark had suggested some philosophical

reflections, for he began the series of questions with which I have opened this little narrative:

"Is not physical courage the commonest attribute of man, and possessed by the most vulgar natures, etc.?"

I have heard that the late M. Renan, when he heard any proposition from which he strongly dissented, began in a conciliatory manner with, "Vous avez raison, mille fois," and then by degrees gently insinuated his objections. Imitating this example, I nodded an assent to each one of the interrogatories till he came to the last:

"Is it not an unjust prejudice?"

"It may be so," I replied; "but what would you have? We cannot legislate for exceptions. Man is born a selfish little animal enough, and if his elders did not teach him to be brave and to run some risks for others, he would become a shameless egotist, and abandon mother, sister, or friend, in a moment of danger. Besides, courage can be cultivated; one can conquer fears and tremors—which, though I am only a woman, I know by experience. You will find in Emerson's 'Essay on Prudence' this advice to a young person: 'Always do the thing you are afraid of doing.'"

"What you say, signorina, is true—most true," conceded the Italian. "The general principle is excellent. But there are exceptional natures who are *not* selfish, and who may have courage to face all the ills of life—as women so often have—but, taken by surprise on the field, are overcome by the thundering roar of shot and shell, or the sight of blood. It is a weakness of the nerves. Would you call such a one by the name of coward?"

"I do not like hard names, signore, and I do not doubt there are a few men who succumb to mere physical weakness, not from moral cowardice, and such should be held blameless as individuals."

"Your remarks and the mention of Massimo D'Azeglio have brought to my mind the story of a young fellow I knew well, who came to grief in the '48 campaign. It is twenty years ago, and I remember it all as if it had been last week. Do you care, signorina, to hear the story of this poor recruit?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Gualtiero was nineteen, and a student of the University of Bologna. The Bologna students were, almost to a man, patriots, and many of them affiliated with some secret society. Gualtiero, while sharing to the full their aspirations for liberty, refused to be a member of those societies because of their murderous code, which obliged them to execute any man suspected of betraying a secret. To kill a man in cold blood, even though a spy, was what he could not bring himself to do; but he would not mind burning a cardinal's palace, if necessary, in order to stir the papal government up to declare war against Austria. He arrived in Rome in the spring of '48, when Pope Pius IX. had almost passed the zenith of his glory and had begun to totter towards his downfall. He was still loved by his people, but they were enraged against his ministers for keeping him back from war. Massimo D'Azeglio, Minghetti, and other leaders of the Moderate Liberals, were trying to force him

on to commit himself to the war, and trying to calm the turbulent populace at the same time. To the Pope and his ministers, the Liberals said the people would not any longer be trifled with; there would be a terrible revolution if war was not speedily declared; let the government think of the responsibility of the position. To the Romans, they preached one never-changing sermon: 'Pazienza! pazienza!' All would go well; we must not try to force the hand of the holy father, who had his own wise reasons for delay; we must not compromise him either by rashness or an appearance of disorder. It would ruin our cause at home and abroad with the Catholic princes. He was the most patriotic of sovereigns, and would gratify all our desires. Had he not blessed our banners and the Italian cause in the face of the world? Did we want a proof that he loved Italy? Austria hated and insulted him—was not that enough?

"The Pope was in truth a good man, and his very human weaknesses would not have been conspicuous had he not been set upon a throne so unique, and so beset with difficulties. To show how he was regarded by his brother cardinals, here is an instance. On the day before the papal election, when all were assembled at the Vatican, one of these said to another, 'If the Holy Spirit enters into it, it will be Mastai; if the devil puts his tail across it, it will be you or me.'

"He had a boundless, child-like faith in things generally discarded now by intelligent Catholics. At the sight of a comet in the sky, he made all his ministers assembled in council kneel with him while he prayed that the evil of which this was an omen might be averted. When he found the lost head of St. Andrew, he illuminated all Rome, and had extraordinary processions and ceremonies; and this at the most terribly critical moment, when a great national war was pending. Still the people believed in that benevolent, handsome face, and kind smile; and their faith in him and his good intentions stayed many a hand from violence. In a street fight, when knives were drawn, somebody said, 'Take care, you will grieve Pio Nono.' And the magic word was enough to make the combatants cease from strife. It was a wonderful influence that he wielded, and one cannot but regret that he did not know how to use it better in his own interest and that of his people. But Italy has been liberated without Pio Nono, and so all is well.

"In those days Gualtiero and I, fierce republicans of Bologna, were also adorers of Pio Nono. But then we hated Lambruschini, his minister—we marched with the other boiling spirits through the streets and squares, threatening to burn the cardinals' palaces, crying, 'Viva Pio Nono solo! Morte al Lambruschini! Guerra all'Austria!'

"When at last the mobilisation of the army was decreed by the new Liberal Ministry, Gualtiero hastened, like the rest of the young patriots, to enrol himself in Azeglio's volunteers. And here I may mention that there were some whose cries for war had been blatant in the *circoli* who retired into their shells and remained quiet when the order to march was given. Not so Gualtiero. He was thrilled with a delightful enthusiasm that was con-

tagious, and we all felt, as Minghetti said, that to face any peril for Italy—exile, imprisonment, death—would be to earn a martyr's crown. The Pontifical troops were hurried off without proper provision for their wants, for the Liberal leaders feared a reaction in the mind of the vacillating Pope. Consequently, they had to make frequent halts, and suffered not a little privation and hardship. Gualtiero was happy and cheerful under every trial. As sentry he would freeze all night unmurmuringly, he endured long marches in torrents of rain, he gaily bivouacked on the cold, wet sod, after collecting wood and making fires for the company, and kept up the spirits of his comrades by singing patriotic songs. When he started in his rich baritone,

'Fratelli d'Italia,
Italia si desta.'

every heart warmed and every voice joined in a chorus.

"It pleased our officers—in fact nothing pleased them so well as our enthusiasm. For had they not said that Italy needed no regular army—Italy would liberate herself with enthusiasm! It is true that our general, Durando, and other Piedmontese officers would have liked more time for training the raw material, remembering that they had to meet an admirably disciplined army under one of the ablest commanders in Europe. But they counted much on the conjunction of our troops with the army of King Charles Albert. In the meantime, the number of our volunteers increased daily. The fresher and rarer the recruits, the more burning impatience they felt to get at the Tedeschi, and receive the baptism of blood. What rage filled our souls when we received news of the cruel outrages of the Croats in the Venetian provinces, where they burned several villages. And our general was forbidden by the Pope to advance to the rescue of our brothers! All this time the Piedmontese were fighting for Lombardy and driving back the enemy from point to point.

"At length the Pope was induced to put his troops under the command of the Piedmontese king. At last we crossed the Papal frontier and advanced into what was, for practical purposes, the enemy's country. Oh, the wild joy of the moment when we knew that the enemy, hated and longed for, was close at hand; and that we had now to say our last words to our best friend, shoulder our musket, and form in line! Colonel Azeglio, who was indefatigable in labouring for the well-being of the men and the success of the great enterprise, addressed a few soul-stirring words to us:

"My sons, the long-sighed-for moment has arrived when your desire to vindicate Italy's wrongs will be gratified. Show yourselves in deeds what your words have proclaimed you—true sons of Italy and faithful children of your sovereign Pontiff, who has given us the privilege of making his cause and Italy's one. Remember that cause is the most sacred cause on earth. Let the cross on your breast give you courage to face the cruel oppressors of our country.'

"Before the word *Patria* had died on the

colonel's lips, the cry arose from every throat: 'Viva l'Italia! Fuori i barbari! Libertà o morte!'

"Gualtiero's eyes glowed, and his bosom heaved with such excessive emotion that the cry died in his throat. When at last the white uniform and glistening arms of the Austrians hove in sight, coming up slightly rising ground, his heart gave a great bound as if it would break through his ribs; his breath stopped. Was it a transport of joy and triumph that shook his frame? He did not know; the power of thought seemed suspended for some minutes. The order to fire was given. Mechanically he obeyed like the rest. The volley was quickly returned with interest by the Austrians, dealing havoc among the ranks of the Italians. The fumes of the powder and the rattle of the musketry close to him sent a cold shiver down the spine of the Romagnol recruit, which seemed to paralyse his will. The musket fell from his nerveless grasp, and as he bent in a dazed state to pick it up, his eye fell on a comrade gasping on the earth, clutching the grass with one hand, while the other, severed from the arm, lay near, the bleeding stump waving to and fro in the air. The sight left Gualtiero's eyes, his brain reeled, and he fell insensible across the body of his wounded comrade.

"The Italians had been victorious in this encounter and had taken prisoners, ammunition, and provisions. Gualtiero returned to consciousness on a camp-bed in a hospital where surgeons, sisters of mercy, and priests were bustling about attending the wounded.

"It is a cause worth suffering for, worth dying for, my dear boy. You have paid your debt to Italy. I am grieved at the loss of your hand, but—"

"It was Colonel Azeglio's tall, gaunt figure and Roman nose which Gualtiero saw in profile, standing by his neighbour's bed (a youth of twenty) trying to comfort him in his suffering.

"Oh, I have still another!" replied the youth cheerfully.

"Gualtiero groaned. He felt on a moral rack, compared to which any physical suffering would be welcome. Why had the Austrian balls not hit him and in mercy carried off a limb? But, alas! he lay there in the prime of youth, whole and sound.

"Dio mio! not a scratch!" he moaned inwardly, while the cold perspiration broke on his forehead. 'Ah, faint-hearted craven, what now will be thy fate?'

"He envied his comrade as the tall colonel released his one hand from the kind pressure, with a smile of paternal tenderness on his lip and a tear in his clear blue eye—a weakness which heroism is apt to call forth in heroic natures.

"And where are you hurt, my brave?" His voice was full of sympathy.

"Gualtiero turned his face down on the pillow, not daring to reply or meet the gaze of the officer. But the cruel answer was quickly given by a surgeon:

"He is not hurt at all, colonel. He was picked up by the ambulance, apparently lifeless; but he is either a malingerer, or a coward who fainted at the smell of powder."

"There was a pause. What would Azeglio think or say? A wild hope shot through the culprit's heart that Azeglio, not being by nature or profession a fighting man, but a calm, philosophic student, dedicated to literature and art, would understand that all men were not exactly alike—that there are idiosyncrasies. But no; Massimo D'Azeglio was a Piedmontese, of a hardy, warlike race, which had claimed independent national life for nine hundred years, and maintained it by the sword. His ancestors were all soldiers. Courage was bred in his blood; he drank it in with his mother's milk. The Romagnols had been crushed and downtrodden by a temporal and spiritual despotism for as many ages as the Piedmontese had been independent. Azeglio felt that it was our long slavery that had demoralised our people; he could forgive them many crimes, but not—not to fail him on the battle-field, in front of the Austrians. All this Gualtiero read in the stern, pale face of the colonel, who had been brought up like a Spartan. There was grief as well as indignation in his countenance.

"Boy, it would have been better for you if a ball had laid you low! The brand of coward—the reproach of your own conscience for not having stood to your guns in the supreme moment—will be a heavy punishment enough for you. Get you away from our camp as quickly as your nimble legs can carry you. Your example might be mischievous."

"Thus ignominiously dismissed from the service of La Patria, which till now had been the glorious dream of his life, Gualtiero learned the bitter lesson that dreams are difficult to translate into realities—for some, alas! impossible. His anguish at first was intense, and he heartily wished himself under the sod. But time brings a certain amount of balm to the sorest wounds of the spirit. He took to study, which he had always loved, and in the gentle company of his favourite authors he forgot 'the world and its dread laugh.' He learned to think that his unhappy weakness of the spinal cord—which was beyond his control—was not really a moral offence, though the unthinking might so regard it. His mother alone understood his want of pluck. She knew that it was her own anxiety for her husband, who was involved in a secret conspiracy before her son was born, that had reacted upon the child's nervous system; and so she sympathised with him.

"Signorina, what is your verdict on the young volunteer who failed in his duty? Ought he to be court-martialled and shot, or pitied and pardoned?"

"I pity him from my heart," I replied; "but pardoned—if you mean reinstated in the position he first enjoyed—no; that would not be possible; the example would be injurious. It is open to a man of weak nerves to avoid danger, but not to put himself in the fore-front of battle and then—'funk.' The man with a creepy spine can slip through life fairly well if he stays at home; but he should not be the only man of a walking party in the country, lest some danger might arise to frighten the women; and when he goes to the theatre or crowded assembly, he ought to sit near

the door, lest a cry of fire be raised. He could walk with friends in the park, and go to their houses, without doing any harm."

A smile which it would be difficult to describe—words are always inadequate in describing transitory expression or emotion depicted on the countenance—a smile passed over the thin, delicate face of my travelling-companion. It was a patient, pathetic smile, and yet had a touch of resentment in it. It conveyed to me in some indefinite way that my words were cruel as dagger-thrusts, but that he was accustomed to that species of torture, and could smile under it.

"Just so—exactly so," he assented in his quiet, melodious voice. "You have reason, signorina. Such a person as my volunteer of the creepy spine is beyond the pale of humanity. If he were a real hunchback you would not condemn him; but this is a species of moral hunchback—or so it seems to you—and should not be tolerated. And yet I thought that, being a woman—for women have an intuitive knowledge of human nature, and quicker sympathies than men—I thought you would have looked with kinder eyes on the delinquent. Society cannot legislate for exceptions, you say; but yet an occasional exception is made for a distinguished person. The great conspirator, Mazzini, fainted at the sight of blood, but that did not diminish his followers' devotion to him, because he was great in intellect. But if a small man has this constitutional weakness, he deserves to be crushed. No? It is useless to deny it; I read it in your face, even without your plainly expressed opinion on the ethics of the case. You pity him?—yes, a small grain of pity with an infinite contempt. It is absurd to try to invest the story of a runaway soldier with a tragic interest, such, for instance, as a conspirator or an outlaw might easily excite. The imagination has often seen something grand and dramatic about a great crime. In times of recollection the murder of a tyrant, a spy, or a traitor, arouses sympathy with the perpetrator of the deed. Now, why should a gentle lady feel more kindly toward an assassin (given his after-repentance) than toward a volunteer cursed with a creepy spine, but having the best intentions as far as killing Austrians was concerned? That is an interesting psychological problem. Well, such is life, and we must take it as we find it. Signora, there is a sequel to my tale, and for the sake of the pity that you feel for my would-be hero, and with the hope of gaining for him a little touch of respect, I shall tell it you, if you care to hear it."

"Pray go on; I am deeply interested."

"Gaultiero had an innamorata—almost all students have—and this girl, Elena, was a fiery patriot. She had not only parted with her ornaments in the name of the cause, as hundreds of our women did, but she even sold her magnificent raven tresses for the same purpose. When he returned to Bologna to his mother's home, he sought his love, to try to justify himself in her eyes. But those beautiful black eyes flashed scorn upon him. He had disgraced his country, himself, and her—his love—and there was no place for repentance. 'Never more be knight of mine,' was the

verdict with which he was dismissed from her presence. Needless to say that Elena's injustice made that of the world still harder to bear.

"Ten years passed—ten weary years of contumely, which, though not openly expressed, was none the less evident to the unhappy volunteer. He had learned to bear his burden and live in a certain obscure contentment with his dear mother and his dear books.

"Once more the trumpet sounded, calling all the provinces of Italy to a war of national redemption. It was early in the year 1859 that King Victor Emmanuel spoke the thrilling words that shook the country from end to end: 'I have listened to the cry of anguish which comes to me from all parts of Italy.' It was a war-note which evoked wild and passionate applause the moment it was sounded. He had waited patiently for this hour: for ten long years he had waited to avenge his father's persecution and overthrow, and to vindicate the right of Italy to her independence; at last he saw the way open to fulfil the vow to liberate Italy which he had made on his father's tomb, and his heart rejoiced. Volunteers from all the principalities flocked to his standard. They loved the king who had promised them a country, who would lead them once more against their foreign oppressors, the hated Austrians. The cry reached the lonely bookworm in his seclusion. Past his study-window rolled the sounds which reminded him of his youth's romance: the patriotic songs, the tramp of soldiers marching, the strains of martial music, the ringing cheers of the people for liberty, unity, and Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi, too, had come from his retirement and offered his services to the soldier-king who was to lead his army in person—unlike the priest-king of '48, Pio Nono, who held them back and balked the enterprise by his vacillation—and the country was in a ferment of excitement.

"What of our recluse? Did all this enthusiasm awake no generous emotion in his soul—was the heart within him dried and withered, like the parchment volumes over which he was so fond of poring?

"No; though long dormant, his patriotism was not dead: the war-blast had once more called it back to life; but its revival was a pain and anguish to him. Yet he was at a loss to know which he preferred, or, rather, which he disliked most—these throes of returning animation, or the false and hollow peace in which he had so long lulled himself. At first he closed his eyes and his mind against the outside agitation. He would not listen; he would not read the papers. He shut his windows and took his book in hand. But his heart-beats were set to another measure; he could not disguise it from himself. It was in vain that he called himself a fool, and asked himself if he wanted to court shame and dishonour a second time—now inexcusable—even more inexcusable than formerly; for then he was an ignorant boy, and now he was a man of thirty, and had experience—dearly bought experience. It was in vain. He told his mother he was going on business to Turin, and set out one fine morning with no particular object in view—only to hover round about the mustering columns and be near the seat of war.

"On the day that King Victor Emmanuel was to march out of his capital to the fortress-town of Alessandria, where all the troops were to assemble before arranging the plan of campaign, he attended a special service in the Cathedral at an early hour; and there Gualtiero found himself with the excited soldiers and citizens who had followed the sovereign and his generals to ask Heaven's blessing on their cause. The warrior-king was in uniform, and knelt, lost in meditation and prayer, a little apart from his train and near the railing which encircled the space allotted to the court, apparently unconscious of all that was going on. In the dim light of the church, he looked to Gualtiero a sort of Charlemagne, invincible in strength and courage. While the organ pealed and the priests chanted and the people came and went, the student reflected on what an awful responsibility this prince had assumed in declaring war against so powerful an enemy, from whom he had suffered such a terrible overthrow ten years before. For the sake of Italy he was about to risk his throne, his dynasty, and the independence of his own State. The enemy was already threatening to march on his capital, and yet he knelt there with a majestic calm upon his rugged face, praying with evident sincerity and faith.

"Gualtiero dropped on his knees behind a pillar near him and prayed, with his heart full to bursting, for the holy cause—for which he could not fight. 'I am no better than a monk,' he said. 'All I can offer is a prayer; may the Almighty accept it!' He bowed his head in utter self-abasement and wept. 'He knows that I am willing to give my blood for the redemption of my country; if I might die quietly without the roar of battle, here on the spot, I would gladly surrender my life for thee, my Italy!'

"'What do you say, young man? Give your life for Italy? What do you mean?'

"Gualtiero looked up and sprang to his feet. It was the stalwart king who stood over him, speaking in a deep whisper. He possessed unusually acute hearing, and he had overheard the low-breathed lament of the student at the other side of the pillar.

"'Sire,' said Gualtiero, 'I was not aware that I was overheard. Pardon me if I disturbed your Majesty.'

"'I will, on one condition,' replied Victor Emmanuel with a smile. 'That you will join our ranks and follow me to the war. We want all the brave men in the country, to ensure success.'

"'Sire, I fear that I cannot.'

"'Che, che! I will take no excuse.'

"'I am utterly untrained—and—unfit.'

"'Look here, signore! It is every man's duty, who holds that Italy ought to be free, to lend an arm to the glorious enterprise. You said you would give your life for Italy! Here is the way—the only way to serve her. The enemy is almost at the door; you all have longed for this chance as much as I have, if I can believe the representations that have come to me from the provinces of the Romagna and the Duchies. Go to! You must fight, sir. Your name?'

"'Gualtiero G——, at your Majesty's commands.'

"The king beckoned to an aide-de-camp.

"'This gentleman wishes to be enrolled in our army. Conduct him to the barracks at once. Adieu, signore, to meet at Alessandria.'

"The die was cast. The king had never taken his dark, piercing eyes off the student's pale face; they had a fascination which held him passive; and it was the effect of his powerful personality which made Gualtiero accept his lot without further remonstrance. Indeed he could hardly have got out of the difficulty without a confession of weakness incomprehensible to a man like Victor Emmanuel. How could that lion-like creature, with nerves of iron and an eye that no danger could for one instant appal, understand a creepy spine? He was a shrewd observer, and had studied human nature from life—not in books. He had a kind disposition; and the heart-broken sigh of the young man, with the strange, whispered words he had overheard, awakened his sympathy. He saw in Gualtiero's face that there was some obstacle to his entering the service, but he also saw that he longed to go; and so he decided the matter for him with an arbitrary kindness.

"It is generally supposed that like is attracted to like; but there are multitudes of people in which the reverse is the case. Many persons hanker after pursuits for which they have no capacity, and admire and reverence those who have qualities exactly the opposite of theirs. Victor Emmanuel was the very antithesis of Gualtiero. But he, in his irresistible physical strength, looked with a kindly sympathy at the pallid student, for he respected letters and intellectual men. So, too, did Gualtiero feel drawn to, sustained and comforted by, the strong personality of the lion-like king, who seemed to impart to him some of his own self-reliance and fortitude.

"The die was cast; there was no returning. Taking comfort in the resolution that he would not wait for the fatal weakness to assail him, but would throw himself in hot haste upon the enemy, even if he broke the pace of his regiment, he went calmly to his doom. He reasoned with himself thus: 'Gualtiero, what fearest thou, if thou art willing to die? Death for one's country is an easy and a glorious end. What fearest thou? The roar of cannon? Dolt! noise does not hurt.' 'Ah, but,' answered the other self, 'it is the horrors, the blood, the mutilations.' 'Peace, dolt! Thou must harden thyself for that also. Duty calls.'

"The first encounter of the Piedmontese with the enemy was at Montebello, and it came suddenly, without the prolonged expectation which wears on the nerves. The soldiers flew to arms and rushed to the spot which had been attacked. Gualtiero, with heart beating tumultuously, was as quick as his comrades. How would he behave? He had not the least idea. Amid the thunder of artillery, and before a thought could pass in his brain, came the word of command: 'Alla bajonetta!' There was an impetuous rush of men, shoulder to shoulder, a fierce bayonet charge, in which Gualtiero threw himself upon the enemy with an intrepidity which astonished himself more than anybody, and

was not unnoticed by his comrades ; for in his nervous exaltation he was absolutely reckless of his life.

"The fight was soon over, the Italians remaining masters of the field. Gualtiero had had his baptism of blood ; and while the intoxication of battle remained, he looked and felt like a soldier. But, though this encounter was little more than a skirmish, the sight of the field, when all was done, was a soul-sickening spectacle. To help the wounded was a more painful duty than fighting. He might have got used to this, too, had he remained long enough in the service ; he had, in fact, overcome his weakness. He probably would have done so in the '48 campaign, had he been permitted to try a second battle. But he could not trust himself, and his own diffidence had helped to ruin him.

"Ten days after Montebello, was fought the important battle of Palestro—and this was the last military exploit of Gualtiero's life. The Austrians had brought up a large force to prevent the Piedmontese from crossing the river Sesia. General Cialdini attacked the Austrians at one point, General Fanti at another ; while the king, who directed the movements of all, led on a third division in person, and at a critical moment rushed upon the enemy and passed the bridge by an overwhelming charge. Three times the Austrians were repulsed, and three times they returned to the attack, but were obliged to retreat at the close of day. Before the king rested he issued a proclamation, thanking his army for its heroic conduct.

"Gualtiero, whose nervous excitement permitted him no repose on that eventful night, rose an hour before dawn and walked out into the cool night air, hoping thus to calm the feverish throbbing of his heart. When the grey light began to break in the eastern sky he was at some distance from headquarters ; and, in order to take a general survey of the country, he scrambled up on the wall of a ruined cottage. In the dim light of the morning he perceived a large body of soldiers marching in his direction, and in a few minutes he was convinced that this white mass, moving like a sheet of water, was no other than the Austrian army, reinforced, and coming back to retake the position which it had lost yesterday. Back to Palestro he hurried, and, gasping and panting, told his news to the king's aide-de-camp, who came out to receive him at the door of the poor little country house where his majesty was lodged. Victor Emmanuel summoned his generals ; and the Austrians found that, instead of the surprise which they intended, the Italians were ready for them. At the last moment the king wrote a despatch to his Prime Minister, Cavour : 'You must have been pleased with the news of yesterday evening. I mount my horse. This evening I shall send you other good news.' This was handed to Gualtiero to despatch ; and the magnificent self-confidence of the writer helped our poor volunteer through that terrible day.

"This second encounter at Palestro was a long and bloody battle, which lasted the whole summer's day, and was fought with a splendid courage and obstinacy on both sides. The account of it

belongs to history ; I am now concerned only with the fortunes of a humble volunteer who took a modest part in it.

"There was a moment when the king was almost lost to us. He had led his followers to the defence of the bridge, where the thickest fight raged, and, in his impetuosity, had galloped his horse into the midst of the enemy. When his own people saw him almost surrounded by the Austrians there was a cry of horror and a desperate rush of staff-officers, bersaglieri, and zouaves, to the rescue. Before they could reach the spot, an infantry soldier, who had followed in the charge, saw an Austrian officer's sword uplifted against the king, while his attention was directed elsewhere. The gleaming blade flashed before his eyes as he ran between the two horses and struck the sword aside with his bayonet. The next instant he received a fierce slash upon the shoulder, and sank upon the ground under the hoofs of the rearing war-horse. The Italians threw themselves upon the enemy like a thunderbolt, and, rallying around their king, carried him back to a place of comparative safety, while the bruised and bleeding form of the prostrate soldier was dragged off the ground by two bersaglieri. This soldier, who had followed the most dauntless of leaders to the thickest of the affray, who had interposed to save his life, and who fell on the bloodiest spot of that bloody field, was Gualtiero, the recreant volunteer of 1848."

Here the narrator paused and looked at me. Perceiving my breathless interest in his story, he said : "Do you want to hear more?" in a tone of quiet satisfaction. "I have little more to tell. On the field of Palestro, Gualtiero's career reached its culmination."

"Did he survive?" I asked. "I should be glad to know that he reaped the reward of his long and patient suffering, and his final heroic effort. He deserved more credit and more honour than the man gifted with animal courage. Our Shakespeare has well expressed the thought :

"The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational ;
But he whose noble soul his fear subdues,
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from."

"Signorina, I said that I hoped my sequel would win a little respect for my unhappy volunteer ; and I shall have gained my object if I have persuaded you not to condemn too hastily any man from outward appearance.

"Gualtiero lay on a hospital bed with aching bones and consuming fever, but with a serene and happy mind which made it a heaven compared with that other hospital in Venetia eleven years ago, when Victor Emmanuel, who, according to his custom, was visiting his sick individually, came to his side, with a kindly smile and an encouraging word. He had a good memory, and he recognised the student who he knew had fought bravely. He did not know, and never shall know, that it was this humble soldier's interposition which had saved him from the Austrian's sword.

"'Figliuolo mio,' said the king, 'you do not regret the day I persuaded you to enter my service

—the service of our common country? It has been a glorious victory.'

"'Regret, sire? No, no, no! I thank you a thousand times for the privilege. It has made me a happy man, this wound.'

"'To shed one's blood for Italy is indeed a happiness,' said Victor Emmanuel, to whom it seemed the most natural thing in the world to rejoice over, quite a subject for congratulation. 'You will recover from this, I trust.'

"'Oh, *that* is of no consequence,' replied the invalid.

"And then Victor grasped the thin, delicate hand in his strong, brown fist, with a hearty grip of admiration. 'Bravo figliuolo!'

"'Sire, you know not what good you have done me. I bless you for ever for that timely word in the Duomo.'

"'What is your country?' asked Victor.

"'I am Romagnuolo and have been a republican all my life, naturally. But now, my king, I am your devoted subject.' And he put his lips to the king's hand.

"The sweet memory of this interview made his pain a delight to him. 'This aching arm,' he thought, 'has saved a king's life. A king's? Pshaw! What of that! What care I about kings? A hero's life, the first soldier of Italian independence, the kind-hearted man who gave me a chance of redeeming my honour. I shall have a medal of valour for killing the Austrians; but none

shall thank me or reward me for the best act of my life, which gives me infinitely more pleasure to remember than the bloody work I was compelled to do. *He* shall never know it!'

"He hugged his secret as a precious possession, which had washed out the stain of his youth and reconciled him to himself. It seemed to him the act would have lost all its virtue if it had been the vulgar talk of the public, and if he were to receive acknowledgment. I am the only person who knows Gualtiero's happy secret."

My companion put his hand to his breast and drew from an inside pocket a tiny morocco case which, when opened, displayed a silver medal for military valour from Victor Emmanuel to Gualtiero Guerrieri.

"Guerrieri!" I exclaimed. "Was he, then, your brother, perhaps? Or, it may have been yourself!"

He smiled as he shut the case with a snap, and replaced it in his breast.

"Here we are in sight of the station. Behold, signorina, that steep, green mount, clothed with verdure and crowned by a little walled town! That is Montalcino, and there you will find suitable lodging and a cow! Farewell."

Signor Guerrieri leaned forward to drop his fare into the driver's palm, hastily shook my hand in a forgiving spirit, and, leaping lightly to the ground, soon disappeared from my sight.

G. S. GODKIN.

NEW YEAR'S DECORATIONS AND CUSTOMS IN JAPAN.

IN no country is the season of New Year kept with greater ceremony and rejoicings than in the Land of the Rising Sun. It is the great festival of the year, and the whole Japanese people give themselves up to merrymaking.

But the Japanese are such an order-loving people that on their gala occasions their dresses, their food, their visits, even their games, are prescribed by an etiquette to which everyone conforms. To learn these laws of etiquette is one of the most serious branches of a Japanese woman's education.

The preparations for the New Year begin about the middle of December, when the principal streets in the towns are filled with booths, and large fairs are held. Every description of article is sold—sweets, kites, books, dolls, etc. A great number of stalls have nothing but ferns, oranges, and lobsters. This combination of goods, constantly appearing, always strikes the new-comer as curious, and he wonders what use they can be put to; but when he walks through the streets on New Year's Day, he sees them all in their proper places. The Japanese keep two New Year's Days—one the Japanese, which is the same day as the European, and the other the Chinese, which is rather later in the year. But the principal decorations are done for the Japanese

day, and by the first of January the streets have completely changed their appearance—what were bare leafless streets a few days before have become avenues of trees higher than the houses.

The Japanese flag is flying at every corner, and many-coloured Japanese lanterns are swinging in front of the shops. To get the same effect with so little trouble would be impossible in England. It is the bamboo, the never-failing friend of Japan, that has come to their assistance. Nothing is easier than to go to some neighbouring bamboo grove and cut down a few dozen of the tall graceful bamboos, which, though sometimes fifty feet high, can be carried by a child. The neat-fingered Japanese sticks the bamboo into the ground, tying some branches of pine round the foot.

The Japanese do not decorate the interiors of their houses as much as we do, the principal decorations are on the gate or door. These decorations are often very elaborate. Above the door, or on it, are fastened some of the purchases made at the "Matsuri" (or fair).

Just in the centre above the door is fastened a bunch of ferns, and on it are placed the orange and the lobster. To the Japanese mind every decoration must be symbolical of some thought or wish.

In most cases this is expressed by a play upon

words. The word "dai-dai" means both an orange and "from generation to generation," so that the orange signifies a hope that the house may be possessed by successive generations, father being succeeded by son.

A piece of charcoal sometimes takes the place

fusion was terrible, for some of the gods amused themselves by making dreadful noises like the buzzing of big flies.

Then the eight hundred thousand gods met and consulted how they could persuade the Sun-goddess to show herself again. It may be imagined that



JAPANESE LADIES DECORATING.

of the orange, "sumi" meaning both "life" and "charcoal."

To our minds the lobster is merely an article for consumption, but as a decoration it has a quaint signification—"May you live till your head is as bent forward with age as that of a lobster." To European ears this sounds hardly a kind wish, but the Japanese look forward to old age as the most peaceful and contented time of life. The "O ba san," or "honourable grandmother," whose head is really very nearly as bent forward as that of the lobster, expects her daughters-in-law to do the many household duties which fill up the life of a Japanese woman, while she sits over the "hibachi" and gives advice on all occasions.

The bamboo which is placed outside the door is the emblem of uprightness, the word "tadashiku" meaning both straight like a bamboo rod and upright or honest. Sometimes the whole feathery bamboo is not stuck in, but only short pointed pieces of it.

But the most curious of all the Japanese decorations is the "Shimenawa," or hanging straw. Every Japanese can tell the story of the terrible quarrels that took place between the Sun-goddess and her brother. This mischievous boy did all he could to annoy her; when she planted a field with rice, he turned a wild horse into it to trample down the crop, and did many other provoking things, so that at last she shut herself up in a cave. The heavens and earth were then left in darkness, and the con-

among eight hundred thousand there would be many plans. Finally, they assembled in front of the cave, and with music and dancing made so much noise that the goddess, not understanding how so much mirth could go on when the earth was in darkness and she was absent, was tempted to peep out to see what they were doing. They at once held up before her a mirror, and she, seeing herself for the first time, came out a little farther, whereupon the God of Invincibly Strong Hands seized her, and she was dragged out. A rice-straw rope was passed round her. She was then taken to a new palace, which had rice straw put round it to keep off evil spirits.

The "Shimenawa" is hung up, therefore, to keep off evil spirits, and in memory of the Sun-goddess, from whom the Mikado is descended. It is to be seen in nearly every street in Tokyo at New Year, but it is only hung in front of houses professing the Shinto religion. Beside it one often sees, curiously fastened together, pieces of paper. The word for paper, "kami," means paper, and is also applicable to the eight hundred thousand deities of the Shinto religion, so that the house is supposed to be placed under the protection of all those deities.

The Japanese flag plays a great part in the street decorations. Considering what an artistic people the Japanese are, their flag is a very poor production. It is a round ball, bright red, on a white ground. "That is the sun, because his origin is Japan," is the explanation given by an inhabitant

of the Land of the Rising Sun, but the representation of him does that luminary but scant justice.

If a death has taken place in a house during the year, then no decorations of any kind are put up.

When all the decorations are up the streets are filled with a good-humoured, laughing, gaily attired crowd, and the jinricksha men have a busy time. The ladies of the upper classes stay at home for the first two days of the year, while the gentlemen go round paying calls, as in many European capitals. There is an amusing variety among the costumes of the gentlemen, and one has full opportunity for seeing them when they are seated in jinrickshas. The officers of the army and navy are in thoroughly European uniform; the Court gentlemen in their kind of evening dress; the conservative Japanese wears his "hakama" and goes bareheaded; while some try to amalgamate the Japanese and European dress by wearing "hakama" and European hat. Truly wonderful are the bows to be seen in the streets at this season. Very low, so low that the

in the street; but a more elaborate greeting is required on entering a house or stopping to speak to a friend: "I trust that you will continue to me throughout the present year those favours by which I have benefited so much during the year that has just closed."

To English ears this savours somewhat of the shop, but it is the correct thing even for Japanese ladies of high rank to say.

Japanese ladies prepare for their guests by bringing out their best "kakemono" (or hanging picture) and a few of their most cherished ornaments. In a truly Japanese house only one picture and one ornament will be shown—probably a bronze or a piece of rare china—which, with a couple of flower-vases, constitutes the entire furniture of the room. These are all placed in the "tokonoma," or alcove, which is raised a few inches above the rest of the room. A fine matting covers the floor, and when visitors come cushions are given them to sit upon and a glowing "hibachi" is

placed beside them. There is a delightful sense of space in a Japanese room—there are no tables nor chairs to be knocked over; but it lacks personality. It is impossible to discover anything about the character of the occupants. There is no work, no music, no books—none of the personalia which are so charming in a refined English home.

When receiving a guest, the inhabitants of the house go down on their knees; then, placing their hands on the ground before them, touch the ground with the forehead, meanwhile repeating a set phrase of welcome and New Year's congratulations; after which tea and cakes, probably of bean paste, are brought in. The dresses worn by the ladies are of the most varied colours. Large patterns are only worn by children and young girls, older women only wearing small stripes or spots. In this respect the Japanese think exactly the opposite of Europeans, who consider very large patterns unsuitable for children.

Every lady wears her crest stamped in five places on her dress—on the back, on each sleeve, and twice on the breast. Whatever the colour of the dress, the crest is always stamped in white. The gentlemen, too, generally have the crest stamped in the same way on their clothes.



JAPANESE PRIEST.

body is nearly doubled up, and very often repeated. An old-fashioned Japanese will bow as often as seven or eight times on meeting a friend.

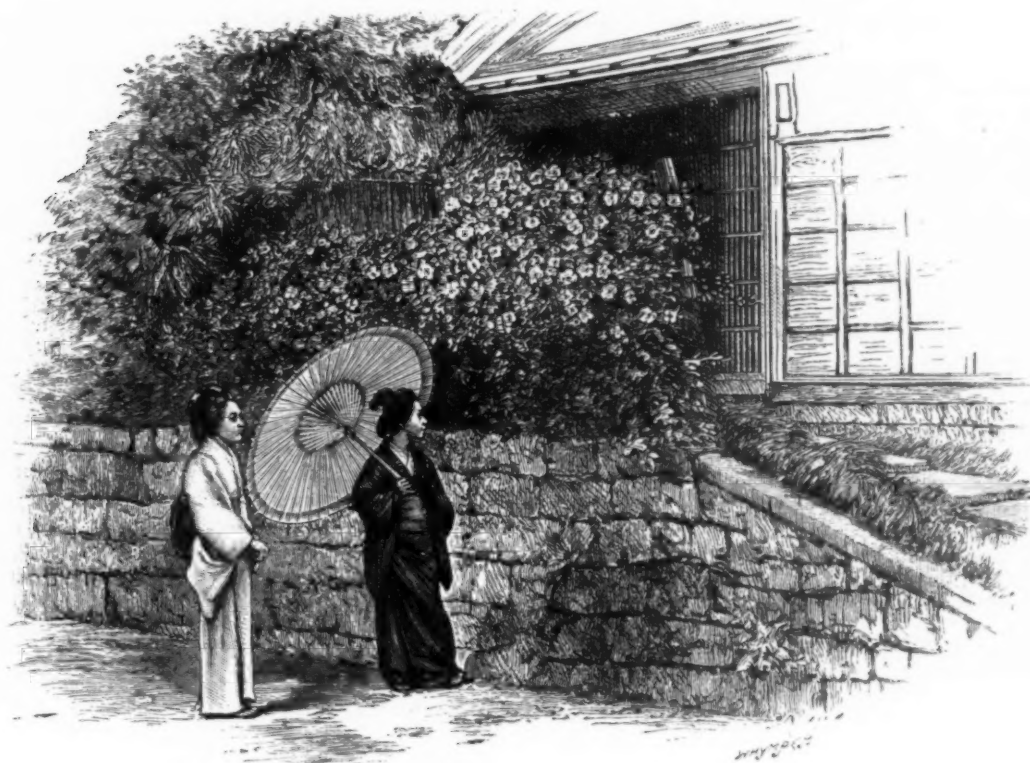
"O med e tō," is the Japanese equivalent for a "Happy New Year," and is said to a friend passing

The food and cakes eaten at New Year are of a special kind. "Mochi," a kind of sweet sticky substance, is a favourite sweetmeat with Japanese girls, who are as fond of toasting it over the "hibachi" as English girls are of roasting chestnuts.

Among the special New Year's games the most common is a kind of battledore and shuttlecock. The battledore is a piece of wood with a short handle gaily ornamented with figures on one side.

game, though sounding very innocent, are strictly prohibited by law, being productive of so much gambling; but the players evade the police by slipping the little cards up their sleeves.

Two of the favourite New Year's games are the "One-verse-of-one-hundred-poets cards" and the "Ancient Odes." They are very much the same as our English games of quartets, but there is nothing so frivolous as "Mrs. Potts, the baker's wife," or any of those well-known figures. The hun-



VISITORS.

The shuttlecock is a round gilded seed. This game is played from morning to night both by children and grown-up people. The traveller in the country may be surprised on arriving at an inn to find all the *personnel* of the establishment assembled in front of the house playing at it. When a player lets the shuttlecock drop (which is very often done, as may be supposed, seeing that the battledore is wood, and therefore has no spring), the other players all run and give him a pat on the back.

Card games are much played by Japanese families at New Year. It is a pretty sight to see a family party all seated on the ground with a "hibachi" (or box of charcoal, which is the Japanese substitute for our fireplace; the word comes from "hi," fire, and "hachi," a basin—"a basin of fire") and a lamp, all intent on their game. The Japanese cards are much smaller than ours; the reason being that some of the card games, such as the Flower card

dred verses are taken from well-known poets, and the game is played even by young children; the "Ancient Odes" can only be played by older ones.

In England the school-girl who has poetic aspirations writes her verses in secret, and only shows them to her bosom friend; a "poetry class" is an unknown thing. But in Japan it is quite the reverse; every school has its "poetry master," and the composition of poetry is quite a study to a Japanese girl: "Because if you do not learn, the poetry words will not come," was the explanation given by a pretty little Jap. At the New Year the Emperor gives out a subject, and everyone who likes sends in a poem. The Court poet reads them over, and they are published in the paper a few days afterwards.

The Mikado's subject for 1893 was "The Tortoise on the Rock." Each poem must consist of the thirty-one-syllable distich. In England we

would hardly call such a short composition a "poem," but rather an epigram; but the Japanese always speak of it as a poem, and special very highly ornamented paper can be bought at any paper shop, on which it must be written.

It is almost impossible to render these poems in English, there is so much play on words, and double meaning in all of them. The Mikado's own poem on the subject of the "Tortoise on the Rock" was as follows: "Ugokinaki Akitsushimane no iwa no uye ni yorozuyo shimete kane wa sumuran"; which may be translated: "The tortoise will live undisturbed on the rock of Akitsushimane for many years."

Akitsushimane is the ancient name for Japan, so called because its shape is something like that of a dragon-fly.

The Empress, as the Mikado's wife is now called, wrote: "Urozugo wo kimi no sasagete ô niwa no iwane yutakani kame no asoberu"; "The Emperor has reigned peaceably for many years, so the tortoise has been able to play happily on the rock of the great garden."

It will be seen that both of these poems contain exactly thirty-one syllables; when quite literally translated they have very little meaning to the European. The meaning that the Mikado and his wife both wish to convey is a wish that the present dynasty may reign over a happy Japan for many years. It would be impossible for any but a Japanese to decide which is the best of these two short poems, but it is said that the Empress's "poem" this New Year is more "cheerful" than that of her husband. Her Majesty is universally acknowledged to be a very good poetess, and it is reported that she spends a good deal of time in the composition of verse.

New Year's Day is a busy one for the Emperor. It was the custom, as early as five o'clock in the morning, to begin the ceremonies that were prescribed. At that dark and cold hour the poor Mikado had to go out into the open air, and worship the heavens, the stars, and the four corners of the earth. This very ancient custom was called the "shihôhai," and is no longer observed; instead of it the Mikado worships in different temples connected with the palace.

The most important of these is the Kashidokoro, in which is kept the facsimile of the sacred mirror of Isé. The history of the mirror, which is considered the most sacred relic of Japan, is that, when the Sun-goddess wished one of her descendants to govern the world she chose her grandson Ninigi, and ordered him to descend on the earth. As parting gifts she bestowed on him the sword "Cloud Cluster" (which had been taken out of the tail of a dragon), and a mirror. In presenting him with the latter she said:

"Look upon this mirror as my spirit; keep it in the house and on the same floor as yourself, and worship it as if you were worshipping my presence."

When this earth was separated from the sun

Japan lay on the summit, therefore when Ninigi descended, bearing with him these treasures, he naturally alighted in Japan; that country is therefore the Land of the Gods, the Holy Land, the Land of Divine Spirits, all other countries being created out of the mud of the ocean.

The sacred mirror has been kept at Isé, and is treated with the greatest veneration. It is too sacred to be moved; so the Mikado has to content himself with worshipping the facsimile only of this gift of his very far-back grandmother, the Sun-goddess.

The Mikado must also worship the souls of his ancestors back to Timmu Pennu, the grandson of the Sun-goddess and first Mikado of Japan, who lived in the seventh century. He also enters the "shinden," or room of eight gods, and then he receives all the officers and court officials of a certain rank who have the privilege of going to congratulate him at the New Year.

The Chinese New Year's Day is later than the Japanese, and is changeable: last year it was on February 11. There are several customs connected with it which are observed throughout the greater part of Japan. On New Year's Eve the master of a Japanese house goes through a ceremony which is somewhat the same in idea as our ringing of bells. He takes handfuls of beans and throws them about the room; this is "to frighten away the evil spirits and to make room for happiness." We "ring out the false, ring in the true." This custom is called "toshi-koshi," or bean sprinkling; and it is a picturesque sight when in a little Japanese room, lit with but a faint light, the head of the house sprinkles the beans on the matting-covered floor, and the family run forward to pick them up. In ancient times it was believed that if those present kept some of the beans till they heard the first thunder of the year, and then ate them, they would be safe from all evil effects of thunder and lightning that year.

The rice mixed with beans which is eaten at the New Year had its origin in a table of food which used to be placed in the garden on New Year's Day. In the far-back ages an emperor of China caused a man to be put to death on that day, and every anniversary his spirit was allowed to haunt the earth and had to be propitiated by offerings. But the Japanese of the present time no longer dread his evil influence, for though they still make the cakes of soft rice which were his accustomed offering, the spirit no longer has his tray placed in the garden, for the family eat the cakes themselves!

If a person dreams about the "takara-bune," or treasure-ship, on New Year's Eve, it will bring them good luck; consequently a picture of it is placed under the pillow to bring about that result.

There are many other customs which the Japanese observe, and which offer a tempting field of inquiry for anyone who has the leisure to live among the people.





FLOWERS OF THE MARKET.

III.—FROM THE ROSE TO THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

THE striking thing in the wholesale nursery trade is the way in which a constant supply of blossoms is provided all the year through. There is Mr. Philip Ladds, of Swanley Junction, for instance, who grows white Niphetos roses, and has never missed a market with them for the last ten years or more. Every week, even in the winter, 500 dozen of his white tea-roses come into Covent Garden, and in the summer months his weekly output amounts to 2,000 dozen.

These all come from pot plants four or five feet high, forwarded, backed, and generally manipulated with varying degrees of temperature and humidity so that two or three housefuls are always in bloom—houses two hundred feet long, some of them longer, of the usual span construction, their roofs a long array of ridge and furrow. Mr. Ladds has fourteen acres under glass at Swanley, besides his peach orchard at Dartford and his branch nursery at Meopham. At Swanley he has one of the longest glasshouses in the world. It measures 660 feet, and is used chiefly as a vinery—one long tunnel of black grapes, hanging in thousands of bunches, thick as they can hang, the accounts of which are kept in tons.

But to the roses. Here is one of the houses from which to-morrow's crop is to be cut. It is like a dwarf hop-ground—with the glass overhead, of course. A few boys are busy. Watch them. Each boy has a short rope's end about five inches long, from which he draws out fibre after fibre. He takes one of these fibres, loops it on his fingers in much the same way as an angler does a piece of gut, forms a loop, slips the loop over an opening bud, and ties it gently. That loop prevents any further opening, and keeps the bud as a bud, when it is most saleable, for several days if need be. If the bud must grow, it can grow in length, and the longer it is the more fashionable is its shape.

The fibre leaves a mark, unavoidably ; but, slight

as it is, you will generally seek for it in vain in your buttonhole. Watch the man cutting. He snips off the bud with a few leaves attached ; he removes the fibre and plucks off the two outer petals. They never will be missed ; and you thus have a graceful spray with a spotless bud, perfect in shape as perfection is understood in the market-place.

In some of the houses the rose-trees have their leaves all shrivelled, and their soil is apparently as dry as a desert ; they are not wanted till next May, perhaps. In others the plants are in the intermediate stage, preparing to come into flower sooner. The same plants do the yearly round year after year. Some of them are a dozen years old, and are as prolific as ever. It is all a question of light and heat and nourishment.

This nursery is peculiarly artificial in its methods. It is near the railway station—that is why it is here. We once found a brickfield near Sevenoaks, and fossil-hunted therein for an hour to our confusion, for not only did the "breeze" reach it from afar, but also the clay and the sand and every other thing of which the bricks were made. So it is at Swanley. Not a load of the local soil is used. The mould, the loam, the sand, the peat, like the fertilisers, the ashes, and the coke, are all brought to it from a distance. The only thing local is the water which falls from the clouds, and even that is supplemented by the supply from the main in the road.

With soil obtained in this way and mixable at discretion, almost any system of culture is possible, and, as a matter of fact, a somewhat wide selection is attempted. Cucumbers, of course, there are—all these big wholesale nurseries grow cucumbers ; they grow quickly and fruit early and often, having come to be known in the trade as the "prophet's gourd," prophet being spelt with different letters. Another climber of a choice type, however, is *Stephanotis*, which is here grown largely under the roofs, the space below coming in for camellias and palms and

sundries. Some of the houses are devoted to palms only, among them being many big *Seafortias*, worth, perhaps, a pound apiece, and much used in "furnishing" by the West-end men.

And with regard to this furnishing, what an amount of work it gives! Think of the trouble that was taken with the chapel in St. James's Palace on the wedding-day of the Duke of York. There was first the dress rehearsal at Frogmore. Every group, every window arrangement, every floral device, even to the wreathing of the pillars, was there tried and altered and improved upon with as much care as Mr. Gilbert is said to stage-manage a Savoy opera. When a satisfactory effect was at last obtained, the number and kinds of plants required for every section were noted down on a plan to scale, and from this the total quantities were arrived at. When the four van-loads of fresh plants arrived next morning at the palace from the royal gardens, they were run off at once to their stations and promptly put exactly in place. The seeming confusion of the palms and crotons and ferns was really all order. The marguerites and araucarias, the achimenes and tydæas, the ericas, hydrangeas, and gloxinias which looked so well on the grand staircase were all in definite positions agreed upon hours before and marked on the plan; every fuchsia, daisy, pelargonium, hydrangea, caladium, and fern that stood in the window was on the spot marked for it, as were the more obvious bamboos and the pillar garlands of roses and ivy.

Many of the fashionable balls and receptions have their floral decorations thus done by rehearsal and plan; and large buildings meaning large bays and large quantities, the contractor is one of the wholesale florist's best customers.

Another good customer is the advertising nurseryman who supplies bedding plants to country houses, which plants are frequently raised by the wholesaler and sent out in thousands of dozens, as many as twenty thousand a week going, perhaps, to one firm.

The number seems large, and on this round of these big plant factories we are beginning to wonder where the stuff all goes to. The plant trade always deals with immense quantities, as witness the advertisements in the newspapers; but to read of these and to realise them are two very different things, and when they are brought within sight of us we are apt to be surprised. It is not only London that has to be provided for, but all Britain; and around the large towns nurseries are starting up to cope with the local demand, which is often mostly for buttonholes. Not only Covent Garden has to be looked after, but Liverpool, and Manchester, and Bristol, and Birmingham, and Glasgow—good markets all of them for the ordinary qualities, but not encouraging for the higher-class trade. Anything costing from twopence to a shilling wholesale will sell almost anywhere; but at rates beyond these purchasers require some looking for. This is obvious enough from the London weekly quotations. During the past year, for instance, the highest price quoted in the lists was twelve shillings a dozen, and this for orchids, which are the most expensive cut flowers that come to market. Arums ranged from twopence to ninepence each, eucharis

blossoms having the same range; which is, perhaps, rather to be wondered at considering how uncertain a plant eucharis is with regard to its time and manner of flowering. Gardenias, which could be had in May at eighteenpence a dozen, did not rise above eightpence each even in mid-winter. Hyacinths even in January did not realise more than ninepence each, neither did any of the big lilies nor any of the roses; in fact, with the exception of the orchids, there was nothing above ninepence in quantities worth mentioning. On the other hand, many very ordinary flowers reached this limit of price out of their customary season; but then, if you must have scarlet pelargoniums in January, you must pay for them.

These scarlets are practically the only pelargoniums now grown: some singles, most of them doubles, kept for cut blooms in ten-inch pots—stout, sturdy fellows, three or more years old, of the cut-and-come-again school, a joy to the eyesight in their bright, glowing bloom. Many of the growers have their special strains of them, so that you can tell where the blooms come from at a glance. A well-known variety comes from Cheshunt, and another from Swanley; and Swanley has another pelargonium worthy of note in a lovely velvety rose-pink named Mrs. Henry Cannell, which is likely to have many friends as its appearances grow more frequent. Of other familiar plants there are also easily recognisable special strains. Mr. Rochford, of Turnford, has a special line of lilies of the valley, which now come into the market from January onwards in such quantities as almost to monopolise it. Mr. Sweet, of Whetstone, has his own strain of mignonette, which is unmistakable, although some of his pupils are now raising from the seed he has supplied them with; and Whetstone has also a distinctive *Etoile d'Or* daisy, a fine golden marguerite needing no label to announce its origin.

Marguerites have come into fashion of late years as much as fancy pelargoniums have gone out, and they will probably some day meet with similar neglect. Since, as old Fuller tells us, "market gardening for profit crept out of Holland to Sandwich in Kent," and thence developed, what changes there have been! As with the table vegetables, so it is with the flowers. Once a luxury, they have spread among the people and become almost a necessity, the result being the encouragement of the many and the cheap as limited by fashion and caprice. Look how the camellia has gone out, probably owing to the success with which it was inexpensively imitated in turnip: once it was quite the mode, and fortunes were made out of its cultivation; now it is grown but in small quantities here and there. The newer gardenia, too, is also on the down grade, which is a pity, for a house of gardenias is a sight to see: a regiment of well-grown bushes, six to eight feet high, planted out on a raised bed of peat, each plant yielding hundreds of blooms, and flowering so rapidly in its season that it has to be cleared three times a day. Gardenias are still in the market all the year through, ranging up to eight shillings a dozen in the first three months of the year. Another flower of apparently doubtful stability as an investment, but still obtainable in every month, is the tuberose, which is of very

different habit to the gardenia, it being but a slim, slender plant a couple of feet high. On the other hand, the Mexican bouvardia, small and compact, particularly the white one, is being grown in larger quantities every year.

The marguerite daisy is the only pot-plant that comes to Covent Garden in flower all the year round. The myrtle, it is true, is always there; but then it is bought for its foliage and not for its bloom, and it is not often seen in bloom. All the other flowering plants have their more or less brief season of rest, those having the longest runs on the market boards being mignonettes, heaths, fuchsias, and chrysanthemums.

Heaths are in great force at Whetstone and Swanley, and very interesting is their cultivation. Like most soft-wooded plants, they are propagated from cuttings. Frequently hardy heaths are raised from layering, peat and sand being dumped into the middle of the bush, which is torn in pieces when the roots are formed, and the pieces planted out; but this sort of thing would not do for the wholesale nurseryman, who must, above all things, grow a well-shaped specimen. Cuttings invariably yield the best forms, and it is in cuttings that he puts his trust, the little slip of heath being the smallest cutting dealt with in the trade.

A healthy, vigorous plant is taken, and judiciously stripped of its most promising branchlets—a very delicate operation this, for if the branchlet be in any way squeezed or bruised, failure is inevitable. The whole thing is not half an inch long, and the lower half has to be carefully cleared of its leaves, so as to obtain a head no bigger than a dry pea. A number of round seed-pans are prepared, filled to within an inch of their brims with wet sand. With a bell-glass a circle is impressed on the sand, so as to give a marginal space of about an inch; with a short wooden skewer, pointed like a pencil, a series of shallow holes, about a third of an inch apart, are pressed into the soil in the mark made by the glass, and in these pits the little sprigs are planted. When the ring is complete, an inner circle is formed close up; then another and another, and so on, until at last the centre is reached and the last sprig placed in it. When complete, that small circular area, five inches across, will hold perhaps a hundred young heaths.

Over the pan a round flat glass cover is placed, and in a warmer temperature than ordinary the baby plants are left until a definite root is formed. The failures at this stage are few, five or six in each pan being about the average. When they have thus been struck and definitely started in life on their own account, they are shifted into pots; and as they grow they are gradually promoted until they each get a pot to themselves, requiring all the time to be watched as carefully, night and day, as a sickly child. Not until they are perhaps two years old will they be ready for market, as fine bushy plants, a foot high, with a dozen or more spikes of luxuriant bloom.

As with the heaths, so it is with the fuchsias. You can see them in their infant stage, pan after pan of them—the growing shoots at the top of the branches with three or four leaves, the short stem stripped for a little distance and stuck in the sand,

the leaves overlapping—and so thickly are they set that not a speck of the soil is visible, thereby contrasting noticeably with the prim regularity of the heaths close by.

In a plant raised from a cutting the break between parent and offspring is not so marked as in one raised from seed. The seedling is more of an individual than the cutting, using the term in its most general signification. In raising plants from cuttings you are practically dealing with the same plant all along, and this extreme closeness of relationship is occasionally shown in a remarkable manner. Plants from cuttings may grow as true to shape and colour as those from seeds; they may sport but seldom; for long periods they may go on as mere copies of each other; but the time inevitably comes when one differs markedly from the rest. The nurseryman is pleased, and cherishes the new-comer, dreaming, maybe, of the sovereigns he will make out of the novelty when he can place it on the market. Alas! in the very same month in the same season, in some other greenhouse quite unknown to him, hundreds of miles away, perhaps, an exactly similar sport is not unlikely to have occurred, and is being carefully watched with the same delusive hopes. Tracing back the story of these widely separated plants through, maybe, a long succession of cuttings, it will be found that years before they came off one particular plant, some minute constituent of which must have been divided so that the fragments could develop in this astonishing manner after such an interval in such distant places. If plants were grown in small numbers there would not be much in this, but, even allowing for similarity of environment, think of the chances! A nurseryman in Kent grows perhaps 50,000 of the plants in a year; another, north of the Tweed, grows 5,000; another, west of the Severn, grows another 5,000; and in each of these batches there is but one that behaves in this abnormal manner.

Some plants sport more than others. Think of all the varieties, sprung from the somewhat insignificant *Chrysanthemum sinense*, which some call *indicum*, and which would be perhaps more appropriately named *japonicum*; for while both Chinese and Japanese have been cherishing it for ages, the Japanese have so far gloried in it that they have made their highest order of honour, answering to our Order of the Garter, the "Order of the Chrysanthemum." Think of the multitude of "incurveds," "reflexeds," "anemones," and "pompons"; think of the petals in straps, the pendulous and twisted, the erect, the quilled, the forked, in all the numerous hues. See how, by the selection of the trivial sports in the petals of the ray, the gardener has now worked up to huge heads of bloom sixteen inches across; see how from the sporting petals of the disc quite another shaped flower has been produced, in which the ray petals are mere accessories. And remember that it is rare indeed for the whole of the flowers on any one plant to sport, so that practically all these developments have arisen off single shoots, or even off portions of a single flower.

Chrysanthemums, familiarly known as "mums," are almost as much the rage as golf, and, like golf,

their beauties were a long time in being found out by the Englishman. It is about 130 years since *sinense* first came over here, to lead an easy, regular life in some quarters, but mostly to struggle on for half a century at least, weak in the knees and flabby in the head, in suburban gardens, the most truly miserable of the *Composite*. Sixty years ago there were but forty varieties of it, and most of these were curiosities. But in time a traveller returned with stories of Old Japan, and enlarged on the plant's possibilities to such effect that it became developed and developed into what we now have it, with a hundred new varieties a year.

The "fancy," of course, tells on the trade, although the trade does not encourage monstrosities, and the quantities grown are annually larger. In nearly all the chief nurseries there are houses after houses crammed full of chrysanthemums, white, yellow, and bronze—whites especially, for whites run for eight months of the year, asters taking their place at weddings and burials during the other four months. These plants are mostly obtained from cuttings, the plants being struck in the winter, and gradually brought on, indoors and out of doors, and indoors again, until in October they are all in the houses, not, however, in pots, but thrust into the ground in thick rows as close together as they can stand, so as to delight the eye with a deep troubled sea of bloom. Thousands on thousands of them are thus grown in a way that would somewhat astonish a Japanese knight of the golden flower, the crop being as thick as a wheat-field, standing about a yard high, with no raggedness about the foliage and an almost unbroken cloud of heads. How many dozen came out of a 200 feet house in a morning we forget, but it is rather more than a cartload—that is, a cartload of cut blooms done up in handfuls.

At some distant date, perhaps, the much sought-for blue "mum" may be produced, and find favour, and make its way on to the market as some firm's specialty; but the path to popularity is thorny, and not one plant in a hundred becomes anything more than a luxury. But there is the chance, and the chance is worth trying for; so that with stem and root and seed the experimenters are hard at work, with much variation of the soil and other conditions of floral life. They have "doubled" the Medusa-headed chrysanthemum, as they did the quilled dahlia, from what is practically a daisy; and it would be rash to say that they will not eventually succeed in completing the floral gamut, by getting blue blossoms on a descendant of a plant that bore yellow ones when it first came into cultivation.

Some of the "mums" at the shows have originated as seedlings, and are now yielding other varieties from their cuttings, occasionally in the strange simultaneous way we have mentioned. But from seedlings we expect the unexpected, and, in fact, lay ourselves out to encourage it by hybridisation, which is carried on largely among the more scientific florists. Many are the familiar plants which bloom in this country but do not ripen here. Supposing a nurseryman desires to cross two of these, how does he manage it? He sends the two plants to a correspondent in Germany or the Mediterranean, or wherever they will ripen. The correspondent receives them as distinguished visitors, and duly looks after them. And in due season back they come safe and sound, bringing their seed with them labelled, certified, and ready for raising. And thus we have the life-history of a modern pot-plant, including a foreign tour among its changing scenes and varied experiences.

W. J. GORDON.

New Year's Day.

New Year a-winging
Thy way to meet us,
What gifts art bringing
Wherewith to greet us?

Oh, bring us, prithee,
Whate'er thou bearest,
These good things with thee,
Of gifts the fairest:

Love's glory breaking
Through mists of weeping,
To joy in waking,
And calm in sleeping.

The sweet bestowing,
Through Love's high learning,
Of fuller knowing,
And more discerning.

To bliss attaining
Beyond our choosing,
Through blessed gaining,
Or blessed losing.

E. H. HICKEY.

THE PEOPLES OF EUROPE.

HOW THEY LIVE, THINK, AND LABOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE," ETC.

SECOND SERIES.—GERMANY.

I.

GERMANY has taken a conspicuous part in the discussion of questions bearing on the life of the peoples of Europe. In industrial affairs she has become in many departments a formidable competitor with England itself. Not only have her sons found permanent place in large numbers in our chief cities; but there are few households which do not show some trace of her manufactures.

"The times are changed and we have changed too." This quotation springs naturally to our lips when we consider the Germany of to-day. In doing so we must abandon many a traditional idea and many a prejudice, for men and their relations to each other have changed greatly since Germany became united and a great European power. It would take too much space to give a retrospective sketch of the historical events that have brought about these results, but it is needful to lay some stress on the difficulty of tracing a concise picture of the nation under circumstances which have not existed long enough for them to exercise any definite influence on its individuality. The unification of Germany could not produce the same effects as the liberation of Italy, which created a new nation with clearly defined characteristics. The destinies of the two countries resemble each other at first sight only, for the process and the accomplishment of their liberation were thoroughly dissimilar. The hot-blooded Italian decides more rashly than the phlegmatic German, and this trait showed itself in the making of the two nations. The German people have not yet, so to speak, become identified with the new state of affairs, and hence many of the existing conditions are but symptoms of a transition state. In the same way the past and present history of England must each be judged according to a different standard, thanks to our time-honoured constitution and our still more ancient Parliament.

In considering the German nation, the many conflicting and contradictory elements that meet us might lead us to draw pessimistic inferences. Nevertheless it would be wrong to imagine that the Germans have lost their old ideals, for their character is essentially conservative. Treating of the Germany of to-day as it appears to the eye of the unbiassed observer, it is our endeavour to picture it as it presents itself in the different phases of popular life. Outward circumstances affect character, as character also moulds them, and that which influences the national individuality in the highest degree will serve best to illustrate the country's social physiognomy.

INCREASE OF POPULATION.

It goes without saying that one of the foundations on which the prosperity of a nation is based is its population. During the last five years the average increase in the population of the German empire was 0·7 per cent.; in 1880-90 the inhabitants numbered fifty millions. The distribution of these inhabitants varies greatly, the most thinly populated districts being those where the system of large properties obtains.

EMIGRATION.

The tendency to emigrate which was a marked feature in Germany diminished after 1880, but the latest statistics show a renewed increase. The greatest number of emigrants came from Prussia, and a considerable number from the provinces of Pomerania, Rhenish Prussia, Westphalia, and Brandenburg. The Reichstag has undertaken the arduous task of creating emigration laws for the whole empire. The earliest emigration laws were formulated in Prussia in 1853. Under Bismarck's régime this question was put aside, for the Prince and all his followers regarded emigration as a national evil; and, however incredible it may sound, German consuls were forbidden to afford emigrants any help whatsoever.

A glance over the statistics of the last twenty-one years will show that emigration in Germany should not be looked upon as a national evil, but rather as a social necessity. So far as has transpired, the new law will be of a strictly police character, and is framed to favour the agrarian interests. Landowners, however, would do well to remember that the working classes will naturally lose the desire to leave their native land, if the conditions under which they labour can be improved. The laws of the United States have of late done much to impede immigration to America. Another great obstacle to German emigration is the military system, under which a man is subject to conscription from his seventeenth year until the completion of his reserve drilling. All efforts to induce emigration to the German colonies have proved fruitless, partly on account of the bad climate in which these colonies are situated, partly because in these colonies there also prevails the German military system, which is such a fatal interruption to a man's business career.

Of late the Government has recognised how necessary it is that the harm wrought by knavish emigration agents should be hindered. It is difficult to say what form the proposed law will take.

When does protection of the individual cease to be a benefit—where do compulsion and restraint begin? A great point will be gained by removing the differences that exist on this point between the laws of the different confederate states. The new law will be based on proposals laid before Parliament fourteen years ago by the late political economist, Friedrich Kapp. It will not forbid emigration, but it will refer those who desire to emigrate to regularly appointed State agents, and will strive to protect the interests of the national shipping companies. It will further oblige all intending emigrants to perform their public and private duties before leaving the Empire.

MIGRATION TO THE TOWNS.

Much attention has been given to the movements of the people within the Empire itself. Thus the population of Gumbinnen has lately decreased 6,000 or 7,000, whereas the decrease in 1890 only amounted to 3,000. Many farms have only half the necessary number of labourers, these having



THE POSTMAN.

migrated to the large western towns. The decrease in the population is most marked in Hanover, Saxony, and Nassau, whereas the Rhine districts, Westphalia and Brandenburg, show an increase. Contrary to all established theories, the inhabitants of provinces where there is more than enough space wander off to overcrowded districts, and the measures adopted by the Government to prevent this have proved of no avail.

As might be expected, the capital and the in-

dustrial centres are the most thickly populated. The question naturally arises, What is the cause of this, and how can it be prevented? Many blame the landowners, and advise them to build spacious dwellings for the people with large healthy rooms; advocating also the abolition of late working hours, and the introduction of Sunday rest. Certain it is that the new generation demand juster treatment, and if they do not get it they leave their employers. In many parts of Silesia and Posen the dwellings of the labouring classes do not satisfy the requirements of either morality or hygiene; and many sober industrious men are lost to the country for the lack of a little humane attention. The agrarian party in Parliament blame the Liberal legislation for these evils, but the measures proposed in return by this party would apparently lead to nothing more nor less than a re-establishment of the old feudal system.

Many labourers from Russian Poland come to West Prussia to seek work, and are welcomed by the landowners, who find them most willing and contented labourers, the conditions they find here being better than those they have left. Swiss labourers are also often engaged in the low country that lies round the Vistula, at a rate of wages rising to 180 marks per annum, in return for which pittance they tend the cattle.

Of late a sad light has been thrown upon the condition of the unemployed. It would appear that in winter often many farm labourers cannot earn one mark per day, and out of this miserable pittance they are obliged to pay parish rates and taxes. Many suffer from cold and starvation, especially in East Prussia. No wonder, then, that in summer and at harvest time hands are wanting. The best measures to repair these evils would be fixed wages, kinder treatment, the construction of good dwelling-houses, and the providing of suitable amusements. In Leipzig a league has been formed under the direction of Dr. von Frege, a Conservative Agrarian, to improve the condition of the labouring classes. Naturally the men who go in search of higher wages press on towards the industrial centres, where in consequence the supply is beginning to exceed the demand.

The increase of population is most marked in the large towns, although in Germany there is no such concentration as in England. Among the 2,707 German towns there is only one that has over a million inhabitants. If we inquire how many of the inhabitants of the different towns have been born in the corresponding provinces, we find that Crefeld offers the highest percentage, 92·32 per cent., and Charlottenburg the lowest, 22·11, owing, doubtless, to the rapid growth of this town, which but recently was a mere village outside Berlin. The population has increased most in Berlin, namely, 20·03 per cent. since 1885. The most crowded part of Berlin is the south-eastern district, in which most of the factories are situated. But taken as a whole, overcrowding is scarcely to be apprehended in Berlin.

THE LAND AND ITS LAWS.

Landed property plays a very important rôle in Germany. An attempt has been made by Michael

Furschlein to reform the present landed system according to the principles laid down by Henry George. Although these ideas have met with a favourable reception, it is most improbable that they will have any practical effect, at least on the immediate future. In spite of the humane and ideal bias of the German character, there is no country where there is less hope that any reform will be put into action. The Germans are still, as they always were, pure theorists. The greater number of large estates are found in East and West Prussia, Silesia, Brandenburg, Pomerania, and Mecklenburg; peasant proprietors are few. The so-called Rittergüter (landed gentry) enjoy no privileges except in Mecklenburg, where the feudal system still obtains.

There are no restrictions on the transfer of land, but the largest estates are in the hands of the aristocracy, and hence hereditary. The *fideicommiss* form an exception to this rule. The Prussian constitution, extracted by the revolution of 1848, prohibited them for a time, but this law was abrogated in 1852, when the Conservatives once more came into power. In one of the latest Reichstag debates Deputy Jordan alluded to this increasing tendency to create family *fideicommiss*. Eugène Richter, the great Liberal politician, regretted that the institution had not been abolished, for by favouring elder sons to the detriment of the rest of the family he holds that these *fideicommiss* are financially and economically disadvantageous. Although the aristocracy desire to maintain this principle, yet they also favour the creation of small estates for the sake of having a number of established farmers and regular labourers around them. But there is one great practical obstacle to the realisation of this plan; that is to say, the want of unoccupied space caused by the feudal *fideicommiss*. From the Parliamentary speeches of the landed proprietors, it would seem as though these classes were in deplorable circumstances, but in point of fact an intelligent landowner has in Germany an important as well as a pleasant social position.

GREAT IRON INDUSTRIES.

The present Chancellor, whose speech can be as inelegant as that of his predecessor, has said that "industries are the wet nurse of a State." Germany is beyond doubt becoming more and more of an industrial nation. Notwithstanding that trade in general is depressed at this moment, owing to the system of taxation, and owing to protective duties, yet the industries themselves are flourishing. There are no specially characteristic German industries; all trades are more or less represented. If any one industry can be called superior to all others, it is the splendid iron industry and engineering works. The world-famed cast-steel factory of Krupp in Essen, which up to 1885 had furnished 20,000 cannon to thirty-four different States, takes a foremost rank, and, besides weapons, the firm of Krupp also turns out many other articles—for instance, railway plant, especially since the invention of the Siemens-Marten system. In order to ensure the best raw material, the firm has purchased four coal mines and 414 ironstone mines. It also

owns many iron mines in the north of Spain. Special steamers have been built for the transport of this ore. The Krupp mines produce 10,000,000 kilogrammes of raw iron monthly, with eleven furnaces. In 1881 the total amount of steel and iron came to 260,000 tons. At the cast-steel factory 11,211 workmen were employed, and 8,394 at the mines and forges, for whom dwellings, hospitals, and stores have been erected, and sick and pension funds established. After the death of Alfred Krupp in 1887, his only son, Frederick A. Krupp, became head of the works, which are now carried on by a board of directors.

Another most important establishment is the Gruson casting works at Buckau, in Mecklenburg. Their speciality is Gruson metal, so named after its inventor. Some years ago this factory was the sole property of Hermann Gruson, but it now belongs to a company, of which he is the director.

Another great industrial genius is the so-called railway king, Baron von Stumm, proprietor of the great iron forges in Neunkirchen, one of the main supporters of Bismarck's protective policy. Characteristic of the prosperity of the German iron in-



A PEASANT.

dustries is an utterance made by Louis Schwartzkopf, one of the most eminent Berlin engineers, who declared that his own success in trade, as well as that of his colleagues, was due in great measure to their having recognised in time how much more profitable it is to manufacture implements of war than imple-

ments for purposes of peace. Ernst Werner von Siemens and his brothers are eminent in everything bearing on technical electricity, which is making very rapid progress. In Berlin electrical compe-

has almost entirely supplanted the hand-made. In 1878 the demand for paper had risen from 22,000,000 to 238,000,000 kilogrammes. The following table will show that Germany produces more paper than any other country :

Germany produced in 1878	244,300,000	kilogrammes.
France	134,700,000	"
Great Britain	168,200,000	"
North America	213,500,000	"
Austria-Hungary	92,250,000	"

The export amounts to 6,300,000 kilogrammes more than the importation ; when this is subtracted there remains $5\frac{2}{3}$ kilogrammes per head, whereas in France there are 4, in Great Britain 6, in North America 5, and in Austria only $2\frac{1}{2}$ kilogrammes per head.

TEXTILE INDUSTRIES.

Textile industries have attained a considerable importance. Crefeld is the centre of the silk and velvet manufacture. Linen-weaving is the chief industry of Silesia, and is of great consequence. Hand-weaving and hand-spinning are generally diffused throughout the German Empire, but machine-weaving is spreading, especially in the north.

Nor must a world-famed industry be forgotten, namely, that of the Nuremberg toys. Other manufactures include hardware, and a great variety of household things. Chemnitz in Saxony may be cited as a manufacturing town of first-class rank in various branches, such as tool and machinery making.

GERMAN BEER.

Beer-brewing, always a German industry, has developed of late to an extraordinary degree, especially in Bavaria. Germany was the first country to found brewery schools, when the want of practically educated men came to be recognised. The first was built in Scheissheim in the year 1848, and in 1852 it was removed to a village near Freising. There is also one at Worms. Lectures on the art of brewing are even held at the Munich and Berlin universities, as well as at most of the agricultural academies and polytechnics. Berlin and, in fact, all German towns, with but three exceptions, consume, in proportion, more beer than all the other European capitals, but the beer consumed is not intoxicant in the same degree as in England. This is especially marked in South Germany, for there is no North German town in which the consumption of beer amounts to over 200 to 500 litres per head. The difference between Berlin and Munich in this respect is characteristic. Berlin consumes annually 160 litres per head and Munich 566 litres. Brewing is gradually becoming a science, and many men of good family adopt this calling.



A MARKET WOMAN.

tition is so great that even private householders will soon be able to light their houses quite cheaply by electricity. Another widespread industry is that of glass-making, which is chiefly carried on in Saxony and Thuringia. Friedrich von Siemens distinguished himself by the invention of a regenerative gas-furnace, which was introduced into England in 1859. In 1867 he took over the glass-furnace of his brother Hans in Dresden, which has since become one of the most important in Germany, and he also erected forges at Dohlen, near Dresden, and Neusattel, near Carlsbad. Another of his inventions is a new method for producing hard glass. He returned again to the iron industry at his brother's death.

PAPER MANUFACTURES.

The manufacture of paper has assumed enormous dimensions, especially since the adoption of cellulose. Since 1840 machine-manufactured paper



I.—HOW I WENT TO LONDON AND WAS
LODGED THERE.

I COMMITTED a great folly when I was young and ignorant ; for I left my father's house and hid myself in London only that I might escape the match he desired to make for me. I knew nothing at that time of the dangers and sorrows of those who live in the world and are mixed in its affairs. Yet it was a time of public peril, and not a few who dwelt in the quiet corners of the earth found themselves embroiled suddenly in great matters of state. For when the Duke of Monmouth landed in Dorsetshire it was not the dwellers in great cities or the intriguers of the Court that followed him chiefly to their undoing ; it was the peasant who left his plough and the cloth-worker his loom. Men who could neither read nor write were caught up by the cry of a Protestant leader, and went after him to their ruin. The prince to whose standard they flocked was, for all his sweet and taking manners, but a profligate at best ; he had no true religion in his heart—nothing but a desire, indeed, for his own aggrandisement, whatever he might say to the unhappy maid that handed a Bible to him at Taunton. But of this the people were ignorant. And so it came to pass that they were led to destruction in a fruitless cause, and the miner who had handled his pick in the darkness of the earth, the peasant who had tilled the soil in the sunshine, the mercer that had measured his ribbons in the mart, must needs lie dead side by side on the morass of Sedgemoor, and neither England nor God's truth be the better for it.

But there were, besides the men that died nobly

in a mistaken struggle for religious freedom, others that joined the army from mean and ignoble motives, and others again that had not the courage to go through with that which they had begun, but turned coward and traitor at the last.

Of one of them I am now to write, and I will say of him no more evil than must be. If he is alive or dead I know not, but if alive surely the shame and sorrow in his heart must punish him sufficiently ; and because of this I will not speak of him by name, but let that die out and be forgotten, while the name of my good mistress and kind friend shall be remembered for ever.

How I, that had fled away from the part of the country where this trouble was, before its beginning, became mixed in it was strange enough. I had, as I said, run away to escape from the match that my father proposed for me ; and yet it was not from any dislike of Tom Windham, the neighbour's son with whom I was to have mated, that I did this ; but chiefly from a dislike that I had to settle in the place where I had been bred ; for I thought myself weary of a country life and the little town whither we went to market ; and I desired to see somewhat of life in a great city and the gaiety stirring there.

There dwelt in London a cousin of my mother, whose husband was a mercer, and who had visited us a year before—when she was newly married—and pressed me to go back with her.

"La !" she had said to me, "I know not how you endure this life, where there is nothing to do but to listen for the grass growing and the flowers opening. 'Twould drive me mad in a month."

Then she told me of the joyous racket of a great city, and the gay shows and merry sports to be had there. But my father would not permit me to go with her.

However, I resolved to ask no leave when the question of my marriage came on ; and so, without

more ado, I slipped away by the first occasion that came, when my friends were least suspecting it, and, leaving only a message writ on paper to bid them have no uneasiness, for I knew how to take care of myself, I contrived, after sundry adventures, to reach London.

I arrived at an ill time, for there was sickness in the home of my cousin Alstree. However, she made me welcome as well as might be, and wrote to my father suddenly of my whereabouts. My father being sore displeased at the step I had taken, sent me word by the next messenger that came that way that I might even stay where I had put myself; for it would be no pleasure to him or to any that belonged to me, but rather a shame and discomfort, to see my face again before some time had passed and given a chance for my misdoings to be forgotten.

So now I had all my desire, and should have been content; but matters did not turn out as I had expected. There might be much gaiety in the town; but I saw little of it. My cousin was occupied with her own concerns, having now a sickly baby to turn her mind from thoughts of her own diversion; her husband was a sour-tempered man; and the prentices that were in the house were ill-mannered and ill-bred. One of them paid court to me at the beginning, but it was not to put up with so poor a fellow as this that I had forsaken my old playmate Tom. So I would have nothing to say to him.

There was in truth a Court no farther away than Whitehall, and gallant shows to be seen there, with fine chariots in the Park, games on the Mall, and soldiers and horses in the streets and squares; but none of these were for me. I lost myself in the city when I went out unattended, and I fell in with some young gallants that treated me with rudeness; for they saw my perplexity, and that I was country-bred. So that I was glad enough to get back to the street where my cousin lived. A poor street it was, not so good as the best in our market-town at home; and the customers that came to the shop were a poor sort too, and strange to me, whereas I had been treated always by the neighbours in my own place with observance and respect, my father being a man of substance and our family settled in the same place for three generations.

So I stood as it were on the shore of a sea of pleasure and wanted only a little cup out of which to drink from it; but there was no cup for me. I was of no concern to any in that place, nor was my cousin pleased at my coming at such a time and in so ill a manner.

The news of the Duke's landing was brought to London while I was still at my cousin's, but it made the less stir in her household because of the sickness there; and presently a new and grievous trouble fell upon us. My cousin Alstree was stricken with the small-pox, and in five days she and her baby were both dead. The house seemed no longer a fit place for me, and her husband was as one distracted; yet I had nowhere else to go to. It was then that a woman whom I had seen before and liked little came to my assistance. Her name was Elizabeth Gaunt.

She was an Anabaptist and, as I thought, fanatical. She spent her life in good works, and cared nothing for dress, or food, or pleasure. Her manner to me had been stern, and I thought her poor and of no account; for what money she had was given mostly to others. But when she knew of my trouble she offered me a place in her house, bargaining only that I should help her in the work of it.

"My maid that I had has left me to be married," she said; "'twould be waste to hire another while you sit idle."

I was in too evil a plight to be particular, so that I went with her willingly. And this I must confess, that the tasks she set me were irksome enough, but yet I was happier with her than I had been with my cousin Alstree, for I had the less time for idle and regretful thoughts. She had, I believe, this in her mind when she gave me the work to do—making it light enough with her own help—for she knew how dangerous a thing it is for the young—or indeed for any—to sit without employment, watching to catch sight of the first temptation that looks at them round the corner.

She was not so poor as she seemed, only she made herself so by her many charities. Her house was but a little one, yet she had ever a corner in it for those that needed a refuge. I thought, indeed, that there was a perverseness in her, for she would not rest quiet when we were comfortable and at ease together, but must for ever be seeking out some one that wanted help or shelter.

"'Tis for another's need," she would say to me when I found the burthen of work heavy from time to time. And that, she thought, was a sufficient reason for all.

II.—THE GUEST THAT CAME AT NIGHTFALL.

Now it befell that one night, when we were alone together, there came a knocking at the house door. I went to open it, and found a tall man standing on the threshold. I was used to those that came to seek charity, who were mostly women or children, the poor, the sick, or the old. But this man, as I saw by the light I carried with me, was young and well built; moreover, the cloak that was wrapped about him was neither ragged nor ill-made, only the hat that he had upon his head was crushed in the brim. He stepped inside and shut the door behind him, and this frightened me somewhat, for we were two lone women, and the terrors of my country breeding clung to me. There was, it is true, nothing in the house worth stealing, but yet a stranger might not know this.

"Doth Mrs. Gaunt still live in this house?" he asked. "Is she not a woman that is very charitable and ready to help those that are in trouble?"

I looked at him, wondering what his trouble might be, for he seemed well-to-do and comfortable, except for the hat-brim. Yet he spoke with urgency, and it flashed upon me that his need might not be for himself, but another.

I was about to answer him when he, whose eye had left me to wander searchingly round the narrow passage where we were, caught sight of a rim of light under a doorway.

"Is she in that chamber, and alone? What, then, are you afraid of?" he asked, with impatience. "Do you think I would hurt a good creature like that?"

"You would be a cruel wretch, indeed, to do it," I answered, plucking up a little spirit, "for she lives only to show kindness to others."

"So I have been told. 'Tis the same woman," and without more ado he stalked past me to the door of her room, where she sat reading her Bible as her custom was; so he opened it and went in.

I stood without in the passage, trembling still a little, and uncertain of his purpose, yet remembering



HE HAD SEEN THE LIGHT UNDER THE DOOR.

his words and the horror he had shown at the thought of doing any hurt to my mistress. I said to myself that he could not be a wicked man, and that there was nothing to fear. But, well-a-day, well-a-day, we know not what is before us, nor the evil that we shall do before we die. God help us all and keep us near to Himself, where no unrighteous thoughts may venture, that we may have in our hearts a better happiness than comes from the sense of our own safety and comfort. For the very desire of life, which is natural to us all, may lead us to the foulest cruelty and treason. Of a surety the man that I let in that night had no thought of what he should do; yet he came in the end to do it, and even to justify the doing of it. If he is still alive surely he remembers, with even a greater horror than myself, his coming to that innocent and hospitable house.

I waited outside, as I have said, and the sound of voices came to me. I thought to myself once, "Shall I go nearer and listen?" though it was only for my mistress's sake that I considered it, being no eavesdropper. But I did not go, and in so abstaining I was kept safe in the greatest danger I have been in throughout my life. For if I had heard and known, my fate might have been like hers; and should I have had the strength to endure it?

In a little time the door opened and she came

out alone. Her face was paler even than ordinary, and she gave a start on seeing me stand there.

"Child," she said, "have you heard what passed between us on the other side of that door?"

I answered that I had not heard a word; and then she beckoned me to follow her into the kitchen.

When we were alone there I put down my candle on the deal table, and stood still while she looked at me searchingly. I could see that there was more in her manner than I understood.

"Child," she said, "I have had to trust you before when I have given help to those in trouble, and you have not been wanting in discretion; yet you are but a child to trust."

"If you tell me nothing I can repeat nothing," I answered proudly.

"Yet you know something already. Can you keep silent entirely and under all circumstances as to what has happened since you opened the street door?"

"It is not my custom to gabble about your affairs."

"Will you seek to learn no more and to understand no more?"

"I desire to know nothing of the affairs of others, if they do not choose to tell me of their own free will."

She looked at me and sighed a little, at the which I marvelled somewhat, for it was ever her custom to trust in God and so to go forward without question.

"You are young and ill prepared for trial, yet you have wandered alone—silly lassie that you are—into a wilderness of wolves."

"There is trouble everywhere," I answered.

"And danger too," she said; "but there is trouble that we seek for ourselves, and trouble that God sends to us. You will do well, when you are safe at home, to wander no more. Now go to bed and rest."

"Shall I not get a meal for your guest?" I asked; for I was well aware that the man had not yet left the house.

"Do my bidding and ask no questions," she said, more sternly than was her custom. So I took my candle and went away silently, she following me to my chamber. When I was there she bid me pray to God for all who were in danger and distress, then I heard that she turned the key upon me on the outside and went away.

I undressed with some sullenness, being ill content at the mistrust she showed; but presently she came to the chamber herself, and prayed long before she lay down beside me. There were times when she prayed aloud, being indifferent to the disturbance which she thereby caused to my slumbers, but not this night; yet she never prayed more fervently; and because of this and of her behaviour towards me, I cannot but believe that she knew of all the danger she ran in doing what she did, yea, from the very beginning.

III.—THE TROUBLE THAT FOLLOWED HIS COMING.

And now a strange time followed. I saw no more of that visitor that had come to the house

lately, nor knew at what time he went away, or if he had attained the end he sought. My mistress busied me mostly in the lower part of the house, and went out very little herself, keeping on me all the while a strict guard and surveillance beyond her wont. But at last a charitable call came to her, which she never refused; and so she left me alone, with instructions to remain between the kitchen and the street-door, and by no means to leave the house or to hold discourse with any that came, more than need be.

I sat alone in the kitchen, fretting a little against her injunctions, and calling to mind the merry evenings in the parlour at home, where I had sported and gossiped with my comrades. I loved not solitude, and sighed to think that I had now nothing to listen to but the great clock against the wall, nothing to speak to but the cat that purred at my feet. I was, however, presently to have company that I little expected. For, as I sat with my seam in my hand, I heard a step upon the stairs; and yet I had let none into the house, but esteemed myself alone there. It came from above, where was an upper chamber, and a loft little used. My heart beat quickly, so that I was afraid to go out into the passage, for there I must meet that which descended, man or spirit as it might be. I heard the foot on the lowest stair, and then it turned towards the little closet where my mistress often sat alone at her devotions. While it lingered there I wondered whether I should rush out into the street, and seek the help and company of some neighbour. But I remembered Mrs. Gaunt's injunction; and, moreover, another thought restrained me. It was that of the man that I had let into the house and never seen again. It might well be that he had never left the place, and that I should be betraying a secret by calling in a stranger to look at him. So I stood trembling by the deal table until the step sounded again and came on to the kitchen. The door opened, and a man stood there. It was the same whom I had seen before.

He looked round quickly, and gave me a courteous greeting; his manner was, indeed, pleasant enough, and there was nothing in his look to set a maid trembling at the sight of him.

"I am in luck," he said, "for I heard Mrs. Gaunt go out some time since, and I am sick of that upper chamber where she keeps me shut up."

"If she keeps you shut up, sir," I said, his manner giving me back all my self-possession, "sure she has some very good reason."

"Do you know her reason?" he asked with abruptness.

"No, nor seek to know it, unless she chooses to tell me. I did not even guess that she had you in hiding."

"Mrs. Gaunt is careful, but I can trust the lips that now reprove me. They were made for better things than betraying a friend. I would willingly have some good advice from them, seeing that they speak wise words so readily." And so saying he sat down on the settle, and looked at me smiling.

I was offended, and with reason, at the freedom of his speech; yet, his manner was so much beyond anything I had been accustomed to for ease and

pleasantness, that I soon forgave him, and when he encouraged me, began to prattle about my affairs, being only, with all my conceit, the silly lassie my mistress had called me.

I talked of my home and my own kindred, and the friends I had had—which things had now all the charm of remoteness for me—and he listened with interest, catching up the names of places, and even of persons, as if they were not altogether strange to him, and asking me further of them.

"What could make you leave so happy a home for such a dungeon as this?" he asked, looking round the bare kitchen.

Then I hung my head, and reddened foolishly, but he gave a loud laugh, and said, "I can well understand. There was some country lout that your father would have wedded you to. That is the way with the prettiest maidens."

"Tom Windham was no country lout," I answered proudly; upon which he leaned forward and asked, "What name was that you said? Windham? and from Westover? Is he a tall fellow with straw-coloured hair and a cut over his left eye?"

"He got it in a good cause," I answered swiftly; "have you seen him?"

"Yes, lately. It is the same. Lucky fellow! I would I were in his place now." And he fell straightway into a moody taking, looking down as if he had forgotten me.

"Sir, do you say so?" I stammered foolishly, "when—when—"

"When you have run away from him? Not for that, little maid;" and he broke again into a laugh that had mischief in it. "But because when we last met he was in luck and I out of it, yet we guessed it not at the time."

"I am glad he is doing well," I said proudly.

"Then should you be sorry for me that am in trouble," he answered. "For I have no home now, nor am like to have, but must go beyond seas and begin a new life as best I may."

"I am indeed sorry, for it is sad to be alone. If Mrs. Gaunt had not been kind to me—"

"And to me," he interrupted, "we should never have met. She is a good woman, your mistress Gaunt."

"Yet, I have heard that beyond seas there are many diversions," I answered, to turn the talk from myself, seeing that he was minded to be too familiar.

"For those that start with good company and pleasant companions. If I had a pleasant companion, one that would smile upon me with bright eyes when I was sad, and scold me with her pretty lips when I went astray—for there is nothing like a pretty Puritan for keeping a careless man straight."

"Oh, sir!" I cried, starting to my feet as he put his hand across the deal table to mine; and then the door opened and Elizabeth Gaunt came in.

"Sir," she said, "you have committed a breach of hospitality in entering a chamber to which I have never invited you. Will you go back to your own?"

He bowed with a courteous apology and something muttered about the temptation being too great. Then he left us alone.

"Child," she said to me, "has that man told you anything of his own affairs?"

"Only that he is in trouble, and must fly beyond seas."

"Pray God he may go quickly," she said devoutly, "lest the trouble spread. I fear he is no man to be trusted."

"Yet you help him," I answered.

"I help many that I could not trust," she said with quietness; "they have the more need of help." And in truth I know that much of her good work was in the gaols and among those evil-doers that others shrunk from.

"This man seems strong enough to help himself," I said.

"Would that he may go quickly," was all her answer. "If the means could but be found!"

Then she spoke to me with great urgency, com-

strange, and had not the confidence that was his formerly.

"There has been a rising there," I answered him, "and trouble among many?"

"Much trouble," he said with gloom. Then he fell to telling me how such of the neighbours were dead, and others were in hiding, while there were still more that went about their work in fear for their lives, lest any should inform against them.

"Your father's brother was taken on Sedgemoor with a pike in his hand," he added, "and your father has been busy ever since, raising money to buy his pardon—for they say that money can do much."

"That is ill news, indeed," I said.

"I have come to London on my own affairs,



"YOU!" HE SAID; AND TOM ANSWERED, "YOU!"

manding me to hold no discourse with him nor with any concerning him.

I did my best to fulfil her bidding, yet it was difficult; for he was a man who knew the world and how to take his own way in it. He contrived more than once to see me and to pay a kind of court to me, half in jest and half in earnest; so that I was sometimes flattered, and sometimes angered, and sometimes frightened.

Then other circumstances happened unexpectedly, for I had a visitor that I had never looked to see in that place. I kept indoors altogether, fearing to be questioned by the neighbours; but on a certain afternoon there came a knocking, and when I went to open Tom Windham walked in.

I gave a cry of joy, because the sight of an old friend was pleasant in that strange place, and it was not immediately that I could recover myself and ask what his business was.

"I came to seek you," he said, "for I had occasion to leave my own part of the country for the present."

Looking at him, I saw that he was haggard and

and been to seek you at your cousin Alstree's. When I learnt of the trouble that had befallen I followed you to this house, and right glad I am that you are safe with so good a woman as Mrs. Gaunt."

"But why should you be in London when the whole country side at home is in gaol or in mourning? Have you no friend to help? Did you sneak away to be out of it all?" I asked with the silly petulance of a maid that knows nothing and will say anything.

"Yes," he said, hanging his head like one ashamed, "I sneaked away to be out of it all."

It vexed me to see him so, and I went on in a manner that it pleased me little afterwards to remember. "You, that talked so of the Protestant cause! you, that were ready to fight against Popery! you were not one of those that marched for Bristol or fought at Sedgemoor?"

"No," he said, "I did neither of these things."

"Yet you have run away from the sight of your neighbour's trouble—lest, I suppose, you should anyways be involved in it. Well, 'twas a brave man's part!"

He was about to answer me when we both started to hear a sound in the house. There was a foot on the stairs that I knew well. Tom turned aside and listened, for we had now withdrawn to the kitchen.

"That is a man's tread," he said; "I thought you lived alone with Mrs. Elizabeth Gaunt."

"Mrs. Gaunt spends her life in good works," I answered, "and shows kindness to others besides me."

I raised my voice in hopes that the man might hear me and come no nearer, but the stupid fellow had waxed so confident that he came right in and stood amazed.

"You!" he said; and Tom answered, "You!"

So they stood and glared at one another.

"I thought you were in a safe place," said Tom, swinging round to me.

"She is in no danger from me," said the man.

"Are you so foolish as to think so?" asked Tom.

"If you keep your mouth shut she is in no danger," was the answer.

"That may be," said Tom. Yet he turned to me and said, "You must come away from here."

"I have nowhere to go to—and I will not leave Mrs. Gaunt."

"I am myself going away," the man said.

"How soon?"

"To-night may be; to-morrow night at farthest."

"'Tis a great danger," said Tom, "and I thought you so safe." Again he spoke to me.

"Is there danger from *you*?" the man asked.

"Do you take me for a scoundrel?" was the wrathful reply.

"A man will do much to keep his skin whole."

"There are some things no man will do that is a man and no worse."

"Truly you might have easily been in my place; and you would not inform against a comrade."

"I should be a black traitor to do it."

Yet there was a blacker treachery possible, such as we none of us conceived the very nature of, not even the man that had the heart to harbour it afterwards.

Tom would not leave me until Mrs. Gaunt came in, and then they had a private talk together. She begged him to come to the house no more at present, because of the suspicions that even so innocent a visitor might bring upon it at that time of public disquiet.

"I shall contrive to get word to her father that he would do well to come and fetch her," he said, in my hearing, and she answered that he could not contrive a better thing.

The man that, as I now understood, we had in hiding went out that night after it was dark, but he came back again; and he did so on the night that followed. Mrs. Gaunt, perceiving that she could not altogether keep him from my company, and that the hope of his safe departure grew less, began to show great uneasiness.

"I see not how I am to get away," the man said gloomily when he found occasion for a word with me; "and the danger increases each day. Yet there is one way—one way."

"Why not take it and go?" I asked lightly.

"I may take it yet. A man has but one life."

He spoke savagely and morosely; for his manner was now altered, and he paid me no more compliments. He was indeed of so strange and ungracious a temper that good Mrs. Gaunt showed him more compassion than before, thinking that his ill-fortune was working on his spirit. But we neither of us guessed that he was struggling with what was surely the foulest temptation that ever came to the heart of man.

How he must in those last days have hated the sight of the benefactress that had no thought but to do him service! For I have seen in many evil folk that their conscience gives no remedy to remorse like hatred of those they have resolved to injure. The very merit of their victims is a looking-glass to their sin and shows its foulness; and if they will not abandon the sin they must abhor the thing that shows it to them. Therefore I believe that this man hated Mrs. Gaunt at the last for the very goodness on which he still rested.

There came a night on which he went out and came back no more.

"I trust in God," said Mrs. Gaunt, who used this word always in reverence and not lightly, "that he has made his escape and not fallen into the hands of his enemies."

The house seemed lighter because he was gone, and we went about our work cheerfully. Later, when some strange men came to the door—as I, looking through an upper window, could see—Mrs. Gaunt opened to them smiling, for the place was now ready to be searched, and there was none to give any evidence who the man was that had lately hidden there.

But there was no search. The men had come for Elizabeth Gaunt herself, and they told her, in my hearing, that she was accused of having given shelter to one of Monmouth's men, and the punishment of this crime was death.

IV.—THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

It did not seem to me at first possible that such a woman as Elizabeth Gaunt, that had never concerned herself with plots or politics, but spent her life wholly in good works, should be taken up as a public enemy and so treated only because she had given shelter to a man that had fled for his life. Yet this was, as I now learnt, the law. But there still seemed no possibility of any conviction, for who was there to give witness against her of the chief fact, namely, that she had known the man she sheltered to be one that had fought against the King? Her house was open always to those that were in trouble or danger, and no question asked. There were none of her neighbours that would have spied upon her, seeing that she had the reputation of a saint among them; and none to whom she had given her confidence. She had withheld it even from me, nor could I certainly say that she had the knowledge that was charged against her. For Windham was out of the way now—on my business, as I afterwards discovered; and if he

had been nigh at hand he would have had more wisdom than to show himself at this juncture. When I was taken before the judge and, terrified as I was, questioned with so much roughness that I suspected a desire to fright me further, so that I might say whatever they that questioned me desired, even then they could, happily, discover nothing that told against my mistress, because I knew nothing. In spite of all my confusion and distress, I uttered no word that could be used against Elizabeth Gaunt.

I saw now her wise and kind care of me, in that she had not put me into the danger she was in herself. It seemed too that she must escape, seeing that there was none to give witness against her.

And then the truth came out, that the villain himself, tempted by the offer of the King to pardon those rebels that should betray their entertainers, had gone of his own accord and bought his safety at the cost of her life that had sheltered and fed him. And not hers only, but another's also. For one Fernley of Whitechapel, a poor barber, had received him into his house and harboured him while he could, until—so great was his poverty—the importunities of his creditors made his house a dangerous lurking-place. And all this while the barber knew that there was a reward of a hundred pounds which he might have got by delivering up the traitor to death; instead of which he put his own head into the hangman's noose to save him, and paid for his charity later with his life.

When the time came that he must give his evidence, the villain stepped forward with a swaggering impudence that ill concealed his secret shame, and swore not only that Elizabeth Gaunt had given him shelter, but moreover that she had done it knowing who he was and where he came from. And so she was condemned to death, and, in the strange cruelty of the law, because she was a woman and adjudged guilty of treason, she must be burnt alive.

She had no great friends to help her, no money with which to bribe the wicked court; yet I could not believe that a king who called himself a Christian—though of that cruel religion that has since hunted so many thousands of the best men out of France, or tortured them in their homes there—could abide to let a woman die, only because she had been merciful to a man that was his enemy. I went about like one distracted, seeking help where there was no help, and it was only when I went to the gaol and saw Elizabeth herself—which I was permitted to do for a farewell—that I found any comfort.

"We must all die one day," she said, "and why not now, in a good cause?"

"Is it a good cause," I cried, "to die for one that is a coward, a villain, a traitor?"

"Nay," she answered, "you mistake. I die for the cause of charity. I die to fulfil my Master's command of kindness and mercy."

"But the man was unworthy," I repeated.

"What of that? The love is worthy that would have helped him; the charity is worthy that would have served him. Gladly do I die for having lived in love and charity. They are the courts of God's holy house. They are filled full of peace and joy.

In their peace and joy may I abide until God receives me, unworthy, into His inner temple."

"But the horror of the death! Oh, how can you bear it?"

"God will show me how when the time comes," she said, with the simplicity of a perfect faith.

And of a truth He did show her; for they that stood by her at the last testified how her high courage did not fail; no, nor her joy either; for she laid the straw about her cheerfully for her burning, and thanked God that she was permitted to die in this cruel manner for a religion that was all love.

I could not endure to watch that which she could suffer joyfully, but at first I remained in the outskirts of the crowd. When I pressed forward after and saw her bound there—she that had sat at meals with me and lain in my bed at night—and that they were about to put a torch to the faggots and kindle them, I fell back in a swoon. Some that were merciful pulled me out of the throng, and cast water upon me; and William Penn the Quaker, that stood by (whom I knew by sight—and a strange show this was that he had come with the rest to look upon), spoke to me kindly, and bid me away to my home, seeing that I had no courage for such dreadful sights.

So I hurried away, ashamed of my own cowardice, and weeping sorely, leaving behind me the tumult of the crowd, and smelling in the air the smoke of the kindled faggots. I put my fingers in my ears and ran back to the empty house: there to fall on my knees, to pray to God for mercy for myself, and to cry aloud against the cruelty of men.

Then there happened a thing which I remember even now with shame. The man who had betrayed my mistress came disguised (for he was now at liberty to fly from the anger of the populace and the horror of his friends) and he begged me to go with him and to share his fortunes, telling me that he feared solitude above everything, and crying to me to help him against his own dreadful thoughts.

I answered him with horror and indignation; but he said I should rather pity him, seeing that many another man would have acted so in his place; and others might have been in his place easily enough.

"For," said he, "your friend Windham was among those that came to take service under the Duke and had to be sent away because there were no more arms. He was sorely disappointed that he could not join us."

"Then," said I suddenly, "this was doubtless the reason why he fled the country—lest any should inform against him."

"That is so," he answered; "and a narrow escape he has had; for if he had fought as he desired he might well have been in my place this day."

"In Elizabeth Gaunt's rather!" I answered. "He would himself have died at the stake before he could have been brought to betray the woman that had helped him."

"You had a poorer opinion of him a short while ago."

"I knew not the world. I knew not men. I knew not *you*. Go! Go! Take away your miserable life—for which two good and useful lives

have been given—and make what you can of it. I would—coward as I am—go back to my mistress and die with her rather than have any share in it !”

He tarried no more, and I was left alone. Not a creature came near me. It may be that my neighbours had seen him enter, and thought of me with horror as a condoner of his crime ; it may be that they were afraid to meddle with a house that had fallen into so terrible a trouble ; or that the frightful hurricane that burst forth and raged that day (as if to show that God’s anger was aroused and His justice, though delayed, not forgotten) kept them trembling in their houses.

What would have befallen me if I had been left long alone in that great and evil city I know not, for I had no wits left to make any plans for myself. At nightfall, however, there came once more a knocking, and when I opened the door my father stood on the threshold. There seemed no strangeness in his presence, and I fell into his arms weeping, so that he, seeing how grievous had been my punishment, forbore to make any reproach.

The next day began our journey home, and I have never since returned to London ; but when I got back to the place I had so foolishly left I found it sadder than before. Many friends were gone away or dead. Some honest lads, with whom I had jested at fair-times, hung withering on the ghastly gallows by the wayside ; others lay in unknown graves ; others languished in gaol or on board ship. My father’s own brother, though his life was spared, had been sent away to the plantations to be sold, and to work as a slave.

It was some time before Tom Windham—that had, at considerable risk to himself, sent my father to fetch me—ventured to settle again in his old place ; and for a long time after that he was shy of addressing me.

But I was changed now as much as he was. I had seen what the world was, and knew the value of an honest love in it. So that, in the end, we came to an understanding, and have now been married these many years.

But the memory of Elizabeth Gaunt will surely live until the very language in which her history is writ comes to be forgotten. And her death was not in vain. The cruelty with which she and others were treated at that time opened the eyes of many, so that at a later day they stood fast, and would not yield to the tyranny that would have brought upon us as many disasters and sufferings as have been endured by those of our religion in France.

And in her death love triumphed over hatred, so that the thought of it, which was so great a terror to me at the time, gives me now courage and joy ; for I know, and I try to teach it to my children also, that there is no fear so great, no pain so terrible, but that it can be overcome and made, as it were, nothing by the exercise of a perfect love and faith. God give us grace, then, to dwell in those courts of His house, whence the fiercest cruelties of her enemies could not drive out the happy spirit of Elizabeth Gaunt !¹

ANNIE ARMITT.

¹ See Bishop Burnet’s account of the times and death of Elizabeth Gaunt.

MORE THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMANLY WOMEN.

NO question is more constantly discussed than the “Woman Question” in one or another of its numerous aspects. The magazines that express modern thought simply bristle with articles from different points of view. According to some critics, the woman of the past was an embodiment of all that was charming, gentle, modest, desirable. They love to quote the lines from the “Princess” :

“ Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise.”

Such was she who is gradually becoming extinct ; and in her place they prophesy a creature graceless and unsexed, with a brain cultivated at the expense of her heart.

Through many a girlish life the lines of Charles Kingsley have chimed, setting it to music :

“ Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long ;
And so make Life, and Death, and that For Ever
One grand, sweet song !”

Can it be that the modern inspiration for girls shall invert the counsel thus :

“ Be clever, sweet maid, and let who will be good ” ?

Perish the suggestion !

It is a commonplace saying that a time of change is also a time of apprehension. There are invariably plenty of people to cry out in dismay,

“ The old order changeth, yielding place to new ;”

while there are comparatively few who can add with tranquil confidence :

“ And God fulfils Himself in many ways.”

The subject of the training, the character, the aims of woman lies so near to the heart of humanity

that it is not wonderful much anxiety should be caused by the gradual revolution that is taking place.

The unbalanced, unconsciously selfish student, so ably sketched in a recent article,¹ is simply objectionable, no matter what her attainments may be. Even more to be deprecated is the highly strung, over-cerebrating woman, unfit for the ordinary duties of life and maternity. But the reaction that accompanies reforms has a way of producing extreme types here and there. As women come to be more evenly balanced, which is the inevitable result of true culture, they will understand more thoroughly the significance of the Greek maxim, *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, "nothing in excess;" while the modern ideal of life is gradually changing so as to help them to avoid the very real danger of losing more than they gain by the new order of things.

Culture has been defined as "knowing something of everything and everything of something." This corresponds with the view of education that considers it as having a twofold aim: first to develop the individual faculties as harmoniously as may be; secondly, either by study or practice, to qualify for special work in life. With regard to the "all-round" education which is given alike to girls and boys up to the age of about eighteen—the terms "manly" and "womanly" are surely a little misapplied so far as head-work is concerned. There can be no special point in the science of numbers, for instance, where it assumes an unwomanly character; and why should it be more "womanly" to learn one language than another, since all were originally spoken by both sexes? Where the meaning of these adjectives "manly" and "womanly" is determined by custom alone, without reference to the deeper distinctions of sex, their use must alter and die. One cannot help remembering that Jane Austen used to hide her literary work under her sewing when any one came in!

The widest possible outlook that can be given upon the world of thought; the utmost acquaintance with the best that has been done and said in the world; the largest share of the "heritage of the ages" that the pupil can assimilate: these are implied in the ideal education. Plato compared knowledge to the art of measurement, "which would do away with the effect of appearances, and, showing the truth, would fain teach the soul at last to find rest in the truth, and would thus save our life." Ignorance and narrowness in women have been the cause of many a terrible evil; it is unnecessary now to plead that they should be allowed to exist no longer.

Physical exercise has made the present generation of women taller and stronger than the last. The girl who would once have been stooping over the embroidery frame or spoiling her eyes in microscopic shirt-making is now encouraged, when books are put away, to indulge in healthy outdoor exertion that would formerly have been thought "unfeminine"—that has nevertheless, combined with a knowledge of the laws of health, resulted in improving the race.

¹ "A Plea for More Womanly Women."—"Leisure Hour," December.

But, granted that as full and liberal and enlightened an education as possible has been given to the school-girl, and she reaches the age of eighteen or nineteen, *what then?* It is here that the real difficulty about a woman's training comes in. Her brother, when he has finished his "all-round" education, devotes himself to preparation for his future career; sooner or later he begins to "specialise"; but what is she to do? Is she, like the school-girl already mentioned, to insist, in the face of all home duties, on going to college and selfishly cultivating her brain? Or is she, whatever her tastes and faculties may be, complacently to merge them in the ordinary routine of a "young lady at home"?

It is impossible in the limits of a paper of this kind to do more than throw out hints, and as every individual case is different, no universal course can be recommended; but one may suggest, if with bated breath—why should not she "specialise" too? It has of late been seriously asked whether it is a rational thing to require every girl of a certain social status to lay aside definite work at the age of eighteen or nineteen, and for the most precious years of her womanhood to regard the conventionalities of society and opportunities for visiting and pleasure, with an occasional act of kindness to somebody thrown in, as the business of life.

How does it work?

Full of eager anticipations and high ideals the school-girl comes home to her delighted parents. She has long been counting, though vaguely, upon the new duties that lie before her. Her mother is in the prime of life; the household is in easy circumstances. When the first flush of welcome and of meeting friends is past, an unaccountable sense of blankness and disappointment steals over her. She, whose energies have hitherto been braced by daily and regular occupation, who has been accustomed to set all her faculties in one direction to a definite aim, somehow finds nothing particular to do. Her mother does not want, at the age of forty, to be laid on the shelf, or even copiously "helped." The younger children have their schools or governess, and in any case an elder daughter is rarely a successful teacher of brothers and sisters. She will gain an insight into household management, but that occupies a very small part of each day; the learning how to manage a house, to the child of a well-regulated home, is not an affair of years! The time passes on in desultory occupation, and if she is a girl of a strong active nature she soon begins to feel discontented. Her mother, remembering the joy of their past relationship, is bewildered and distressed, and tries to mend matters by planning amusements; failing to see that her daughter wants not more pleasure, but work.

When there are several daughters the case is much worse, provided they *all* do nothing but "live at home," and find no special outlet for their energies. In too many instances they are trying to live in an exhausted receiver; there is not enough food for heart and brain to supply them all. Tempers spoiled, the humours of an *incomprise*, dwindling health, wild aberrations in the way of religious

unrest, faculties wasted—these are some of the more serious results when a houseful of women with healthy capacities try to exist on the interests only sufficient for one or two. If they marry, their purposeless, trivial life for perhaps five or six years has not been the best of preparations for wifehood and motherhood. If they do not marry, they are too apt to sink into thoroughly useless members of society; and if by chance they are thrown on their own resources, after long years of this shrivelled maidenhood, how dreadful is their fate! They have forgotten all they ever knew, and it is too late to learn. They can do nothing, and nobody wants them!

This is an extreme picture, it may be said; but it is impossible to glance round one's own circle, or to recall experiences of travel in England and abroad, without finding examples of women who have been simply destroyed by this false notion of what was befitting in their girlhood.

In the evolution of society one great feature is the growing tendency to divide and subdivide work. As civilisation advances, specialising must increase. Let this principle be borne in mind in the occupation of girls when they leave school. In a family, for instance, let one with domestic tastes be the "home daughter"; another with a pronounced faculty for art in any form make it a special study; another with a capacity for organisation seek a larger sphere of operations; if there is a damsel whose hunger for knowledge cannot be satisfied, let her make teaching her profession, and so be for ever learning; while if it is in the heart of another to devote herself exclusively to religious work, let her be freely spared. This specialising frequently need not involve flight from the home; but the mutual intercourse after each day's work will gain in happiness; and in many a field the world is asking for women to help and save.

What about marriage? it may be said. All women cannot marry, and it is surely not "womanly" to wait about for the best years of life hoping to attract an imaginary suitor. He will be the more likely to appear if he is not too obviously expected.

But does not all this seem to decry home life as beneath the attention of an educated woman?

By no means. It cannot be too distinctly borne in mind that there are two sorts of home life for girls—one, where there is no scope for real work; another, where the call of duty is imperative. Where circumstances demand active effort, as in the case of an elderly or invalid mother, the educated girl will be, to say the least, as useful as the half-educated one. It is a mistake to suppose that uncultured minds are the best fulfillers of small duties, or the best recognisers of duty in any shape.

Slovenly and unpractical ways are not monopolised by educated people. Some of the worst-managed homes are found with half-educated mistresses. A cultivated woman is trained to see things in their right proportion, and it was not one of *her* sisterhood whom "Punch" depicts as proclaiming "she was going to be a hospital nurse because it was so dull at home now that father was paralysed and mother going blind." The right recognition and the cheerful performance of duty belong to a well-trained mind, to which there is nothing "common or unclean." This is exemplified in many familiar ways. Who nurses so well as the educated woman? Her whole nature, for the time being, is set to the task in hand. The best nursing and cookery classes are given, not by the teacher ignorant of all else, but by the "all-round" person, a lady who has engrafted her speciality on a liberal education. It would be a happy day for the mistresses of households when educated women found it possible to undertake the special departments of domestic work. In the nursery they already have far less horror of "anything menial" than the average head-nurse.

Other things being equal, there is no fear that the ill-educated girl will outshine her well-educated sister even in the home life.

Woman militant is not an agreeable spectacle. Most people must have shuddered at the platform orator who imitates man in her gait, boots, short hair and coat, while she (rather inconsistently) abuses him in unmeasured terms. Equally objectionable, or more so, is the girl who smokes, talks slang, and affects "sport," accompanied by cruelty. Both these types are doing violence to their nature; they will ere long disappear; they are not the product of culture.

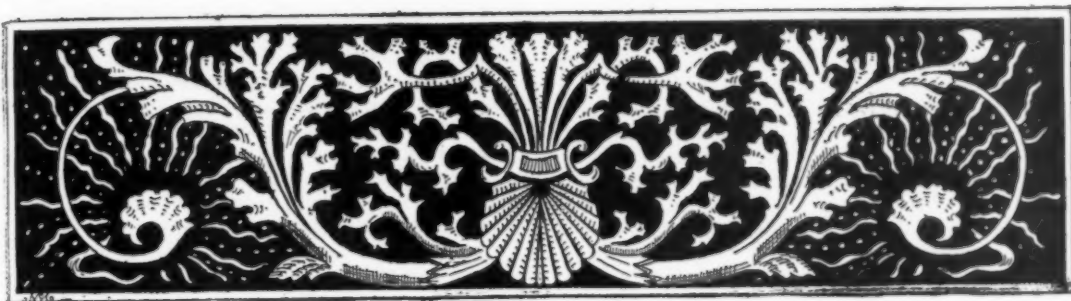
"On the use which women of the superior class may now be disposed to make of that power delegated to them by the courtesy of custom, by the honest gallantry of the heart, by the imperious control of the virtuous affections, by the habits of civilised states, by the usages of polished society—on the use, I say, which they shall hereafter make of this influence will depend, in no low degree, the wellbeing of these states and the virtue and happiness, nay, perhaps the very existence, of that society." So said Hannah More ninety years ago. And a very different teacher ended his masterpiece, "Faust," by words that must never be forgotten in the strain and stress of modern change:

Das Ewigweibliche
Zieht uns hinan;

or, in the translation nearest to the unattainable original:

The Woman-Soul leadeth us
Upward and on!—

LILY WATSON.



Second Thoughts.

Satis bene. Youth starts by demanding perfection, scorns to be satisfied with comparative excellence, with half-measures, with compromises, says "*all or nothing*." But we learn, slowly, to moderate our demands, to love our friends in spite of their imperfections and limitations, finding in one what another cannot give, and appreciating each.

In our natural surroundings we become more tolerant of the common-place; in our artistic *entourage*, pictures, furniture, shapes and colours, we are willing to receive the evil with the good, sifting out the latter, and not vexing ourselves over the former.

In our own people, parents, children, and servants, whoever they are, whose lives have grown to be part and parcel of our own, we rest in and enjoy the good qualities and tactfully minimise those which are less good. The wonderful pervading and compensating nature of love harmonises life for us.

Like that fiery soul who began with as many prejudices and preferences, proud scorns and egotisms as any of us, and who learnt, as he pithily puts it, "In whatsoever state I am therewith to be content," we do not gain tranquillity without striving. *Savoir vivre* is a difficult lesson. We burn our fingers, we run our heads against walls, we go nigh to break our hearts, before we learn contentment—are meek enough, that is, to inherit our portion of the earth and be thankful for it.

J. M. S. M.

Small Annoyances. It is a pity to cultivate, in ourselves and others, irritability of nerves. There are enough great worries, without our becoming increasingly susceptible to small ones; but many persons assiduously cherish such susceptibility. "What a nuisance those bells are!" "What a blot on our view is that factory!" "How fidgeting so-and-so's trick of manner is!" we exclaim. Each time the exclamation is made

it intensifies the annoyance. We become more and more on the alert for the recurrence of the grievance, or more and more conscious of its existence; and so does the person whom we address.

Whereas, if we resolutely take as little notice as possible of whatever we find objectionable, supposing, of course, that we cannot do away with the offence, by degrees it will greatly lose the power to annoy. This self-controlled indifference to minor ills should especially commend itself as a desirable acquisition to those of us who are endowed with highly strung nerves and a sensitive organisation.—E. M. Y.

No Danger in Close Inspection. Nothing that is really white becomes black when looked at close. The whitest thing in the world, snow, looks black in the high air, but let us catch some of it in our hands, and we cannot fail to see how very white it is.—E. D'E. K.

The Decay of Inspiration. The vicissitudes of a word are often the shadow cast by the vicissitudes of the thing which the word represents. Some forty years ago the common-place of praise for an inaugurative achievement—were it poem or romance or picture—was to call it a work of "genuine inspiration." To-day, as then, we have our stereotyped formula of panegyric, but its terminology is different: we can express perfect satisfaction by saying, "This is a work of finished art." The change is significant. We have passed from an age in which the breeze of a great conception, blowing as it listed, breathed upon human strings and brought from them an incalculable and ever novel music. We have passed into an age in which the writer or painter—with rare exceptions—is not the unresisting instrument, but the calculating performer; and because the music has no burden of new strong significance

which makes us oblivious of all else, we praise the player's touch, time, and expression. We have gained *technique*, but where is inspiration?—N.

Wisdom and Beauty in Poems. A poem to be quite wise must be beautiful, but all poems that are beautiful are not quite wise. It is what I believe to be the case with flowers and fruits. All flowers do not yield fruits, but every fruit is, I imagine, the outcome of a flower.—E. D'E. K.

Criticism as Persuasion. Criticism used to be regarded as impersonal judgment; according to a recent writer it is nothing but autobiographic confession. As a matter of fact, we may truthfully say that it is neither of these things, or with still fuller truth that it is both of them; for what is criticism but persuasion—the assignment of impersonal reasons for personal preferences. If I simply say "I love this book or that picture," the expression of affection is autobiographic and nothing more; but if I go on to show cause why my personal emotion should be shared by my neighbours and by all the world I at once become a critic, though perhaps as unwitting of my criticism as M. Jourdain in Molière's comedy was of his prose.

Poets and Nature. A recent writer has boldly declared that "Lord Tennyson's references to natural objects and phenomena are never inaccurate: he alone among poets is always infallible." Perhaps here, as in the utterance of a hero of comic opera, it would be safe to substitute "hardly ever" for the uncompromising "never." How about this:

"Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily?"

A lovely pair of lines, but who has ever seen the hanging of the hollyhock, whose stalkless blooms, closely attached to the aspiring stem, have no escape from a dignified rigidity? Tennyson must have known that the hollyhock does not hang, but the alliteration tempted him beyond his powers of resistance, and indeed the grossest blunders are perpetrated by the very poets whom no one can charge with ignorance. Even Mr. Norman Gale, whose "rustic muse" never leaves the open air, writes of the singing thrush as "she"; and it was Mrs. Browning, who had spent her childhood in a garden where the spring crocus died before the coming of the summer rose, who wrote,

"Whosoever would reach the rose
Treads the crocus under foot."

It is well to remember the great saying of the Master of Trinity—"We are not infallible, even the youngest of us."—N.

A Hint to Borrowers. The beggar shows some ingenuity in the pleas he puts forth when he states his wants, but his second cousin, the borrower, is a person of one phrase. Everyone

who has had experience of an impecunious neighbour—and who has not?—must instantly recognise as a very old acquaintance indeed that remittance which is overdue, but which is certain to turn up in the course of a week, or a fortnight at latest. Mysterious remittance, ever travelling, never arriving! How many a banknote has it drawn from reluctant fingers, ruefully certain that they will never again feel its crisp rustle. "A mere temporary accommodation," says the borrower airily, but in his dictionary "temporary" stands for all time. How much better, more honest, more comfortable all round would it be, Mr. or Madam Borrower, if you came as the good Dr. Johnson to his Boszzy with, "Lend me sixpence" (only in your case the demand is never so modest) "*not to be repaid*." You would then be a beggar it is true, but what else, in nine cases out of ten, are you under your flimsy disguise?—K.

Judgment of Others. We often think our acquaintances have deceived us when it is we who have deceived ourselves by supposing that what they are in certain circumstances they will be in all. The fact is that those "all round" people who shine in every capacity are extremely rare. The man who is simply splendid as the organiser of some great public movement, often cuts but a poor figure in domestic life; the model wife and mother may make a very indifferent friend. We can no more expect absolute consistency either in religion, politics, or conduct, than absolute perfection, and we cannot judge of any man's character till we have seen him in all contingencies.

Even then we cannot always form a correct estimate, for what would be a severe trial to one would be none at all to another, and *vice versa*. Mr. A. who sets scant value on filthy lucre will give more liberally to a charity collection than many who have double his means, and get abundantly praised for what was a pure pleasure to him; yet no one thinks of commending him when he does real violence to a shy, retiring nature by seeking an interview with some great man to request an appointment for a needy friend. Miss B. again, who has plenty of brass, and rather enjoys meddling in other folks' business, receives immense credit for disinterested benevolence, because she is always bustling about, petitioning all kinds of people who have help to give on behalf of all kinds of other people who want it. Yet she never shows more real disinterestedness than on the rare occasions when she relinquishes one of these congenial errands to other hands, though outsiders may only think that she is glad to be rid of a troublesome duty. Among our own friends too, one will do anything *for* us, but will stand nothing *from* us; another, who is so easy-going that we can "say anything" to him, is so indolent that if we ask a favour of him we need never fear that he will put himself out of the way to grant it.

We may wrong our neighbours as much by thinking them better, as by thinking them worse than they really are; I do not mean as regards

their conduct but their characters. Too high an appraisement of the latter leads to undue expectations from the former, and we are apt to feel hurt and disappointed where they fall short of our ideal, to which they themselves never aspired. "Are you only twelve? Then I beg your pardon—I thought you were fourteen," said a teacher once to her pupil, implying that she had been expecting too much from her. We might well say to some of our friends, "Are you only an ordinary mortal? I fancied that you were a model of all the virtues."

Some very amiable people think they cannot pay a higher compliment to those whom they hold in esteem than by accrediting them and theirs with their own favourite attributes, and assuming that they would always act after the manner they themselves could most highly approve—an assumption which must lead sometimes to a rather awkward state of feeling. As, for instance, when Miss C. tells Mrs. D. that the second Miss E. has actually been speaking in public—"So forward in a young girl like that! I am sure *your* daughters would shrink from exposing themselves so, my dear Mrs. D.!" which is somewhat embarrassing for the doting mother of the Misses D., to whom their occasional appearance on platforms is a matter of no small pride and self-congratulation. Probably she will shrink from disconcerting Miss C. by telling her so, and that lady will go on to Mr. F.'s, who is just chuckling over the tricks his young rascal of a Jack has been playing on his much-enduring schoolmaster, and expects him to groan with her over the (very familiar) enormities committed by those dreadful boys at the school her nephew attends, and which, she assures him, she knows *his* nice, well-brought-up young son would be quite incapable of!—H. B.

James Russell
Lowell.

The name of James Russell Lowell will always be dear to Englishmen, and it is fitting that his memory should have been honoured by a fraternal recognition of his genius and virtues. He loved our country as few Americans have loved it, and he did so without losing one iota of the patriotism which bound him to the great Republic. As a man of letters we owe much to the author of the "Biglow Papers." He was a fine humourist, a charming, although not a great poet, and a critic of the highest order. It has, indeed, been objected to him by a certain class of writers that he was unable to judge of literature apart from morality. There was, they say, too much of the Puritan in his blood, too little of the independent judgment which the higher criticism demands. But if literature be the expression of a man's life, of all that is best and greatest in his nature—and unless it be it is not

worthy of the name—then it is but a shallow judgment which estimates the form of a work or art apart from its influence. It is not, indeed, necessary that works of imagination should directly inculcate morality, but it is necessary for man, as a moral being, that genius should be "on the side of the angels," that its tendency should be to elevate instead of to debase, to purify instead of to pollute.

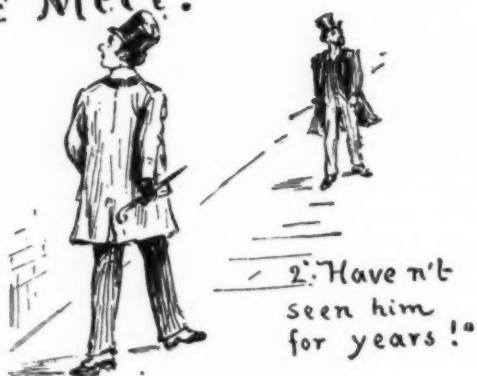
That was Lowell's creed, and it pervades like an atmosphere all which he wrote. England will not love him less for his so-called Puritanism, and the expression of that love exhibited in the memorial window at Westminster will be a lasting tribute of her affection for a man who, if he had only strengthened the ties between the Old Country and the States, would not have lived in vain. But Lowell has done more than this: he has written books which have given delight to thousands of readers, and which will be always "worthy the reading and the world's delight."—J. D.

When we engage in any work which has for its aim the moral advancement of our fellows, we soon find how weary and anxious a task it often is. Yet let us not be dismayed at this. The principle ever holds good that the nobler the work the keener the anxiety; the higher the aim the greater the pain of any degree of failure. The surgeon, dealing with difficult cases in a hospital, has more of painful anxiety in his work than the man who is cleaning the hospital windows.

But in Christian work there is a special kind of painfulness. The surgeon cures the majority of his patients; we as preacher, teacher, or missionary cannot see any such proportion of "cures" to cheer us on. Often we apparently spend our strength for naught. We become disheartened, and long for an easier, a more productive-seeming task.

Should not the story of the Balaclava heroes shame us? They rode to death in obedience to orders which they knew to be mistaken, made an attempt at what they knew to be impossible. Our orders are infallible; our Captain knows the end of the battle from the beginning. What if we seem to lead a forlorn hope? Did He not think it worth while to give His life's teaching to a "faithless generation"? Have not the prophets, teachers, the godly of all ages, done the same in their degree? And shall we grudge our little lives? We have this consolation: God's purposes *will* be wrought out in spite of all; Christ "*shall* see of the travail of His soul and *be satisfied*." His path is ours: through travail to satisfaction—satisfaction in the contemplation of the blessed results of pain and labour.—E. M. V.

The way we Meet.



AN OLD-FASHIONED RUSSIAN BRIDAL FEAST.

THE "Bridal Feast of Boiars," painted by Professor K. E. Makovsky, is a picture characteristic of the Russian national school of art.

With Russians the name of Makovsky is associated with a whole family, consisting of father and several sons, endowed by Nature with artistic talent. The elder Makovsky was famed as an artist collector, in whose drawing-room assembled some of the most illustrious masters of art of his time. This was the company amongst which his son was brought up.

Born in Moscow in 1839, he began to show his artistic inclinations very early, while merely a boy, by copying some of the best prints of his father's collection. While studying art in the special schools of Moscow and St. Petersburg, he was governed by the ideas of the pseudo-classical school to which belonged all the first-class Russian artists of that time. But from the very first steps of his independent career he inclined to the ideals of a new national realistic school, which was then just budding amongst the students of the Imperial Academy of Art, with the motto "Truth to Nature." Makovsky's art grew more natural, more true to reality of life, and he gradually changed his allegorical and mythological for realistic and historical subjects.

The peculiarities of Professor K. Makovsky's art were always those of a gifted colourist, his pictures are always very bright and brilliant, never gloomy and dull.

The "Bridal Feast" is one of the series of his historical pictures. It represents a scene of the seventeenth century. Before us is a spacious banquet hall divided off by massive pillars from deep recesses containing windows of diverse stained glass. It is supposed to be in the house of the bridegroom or of his parents. In the centre of the room is a long but narrow dining-table, on each side of which are seated in order of rank the relations and bridal guests—the men on one side, the women on the other.

The bridal feast of those times was not a public demonstration, but a solemn ceremony, thus admitting but a very limited circle of spectators only—indeed, the nearest relations. The bride's parents were strictly excluded from the number; her brother, however, was present.

We can see but one end of the table, at the head of which are placed three prominent figures—the bride, bridegroom, and *svakka* (match-maker); the last being an indispensable matrimonial agent, the special medium through whom all the preliminary negotiations, all business matters between the parties, were arranged and settled.

Having heard of a beautiful girl whose rank was equal to his own, the young man or his parents at

once instructed such a match-maker to institute a detailed inquiry as to the three principal points—the extent of the dowry, the external appearance, and the moral character of the young lady. And the results proving satisfactory, the same match-maker was authorised to make an offer.

In reward for successful negotiations she received some money, jewellery, and shuba (a fur overcoat covered with velvet); therefore it was rather her personal interest to bring the affair to a successful issue, the bride being hardly concerned in the matter.

Here she stands before us like a timid lamb whose fate is settled, her eyes cast down, her arms hanging helplessly. Either from modesty and timidity only natural for a girl who has hardly ever left the paternal roof, or from some graver reasons, she is afraid to meet the inquisitive and far from sympathetic looks of her husband's family. He at the same time is begging his bride to give him her first kiss in public, such being the custom; while the match-maker is urging her to obey his will, the male guests forming an encouraging chorus are lifting up their jugs with wine, and shouting "Bitter! bitter!" (meaning, their wine being bitter, they want the young lady to sweeten it by her last maiden kiss in their presence). The bride stands passive as a statue, as if not concerned at all in the matter.

Indeed, in most cases her opinion and consent to the union are not required, the whole business, as a rule, being settled between the parents.

Her mother, moved by love and womanly instinct, might, perhaps, advise her to bow her head before her destiny; she might perhaps relate to her her own short life history—how she had never seen her husband until she was obliged to face him before the altar; but that, thanks to God, she was happy with him, and had learned to love and respect him. As to her father, he would order his daughter to his presence to tell her of his will, against which she would seldom protest.

Here she stands alone and unprotected amongst strangers. She is urged to give her own consent publicly to belong to the man whom she has never seen as yet.

What awaits her in the near future? Perhaps her husband might be kind to her; he will not offend her, but will he shelter her from the taunts of his relations, from the jealousy of his elder brothers' wives. Already they are eyeing her with not too kindly looks—half suspicious, half derisive. Indeed some of them seem to sympathise with her lot. But how will it be when she comes to live with them under the same roof; to share with them the management of the house; to hold and settle other sundry domestic affairs?

What if she happens to displease them? What if they complain to her husband and he fails to

have strength enough to resist their calumny? And still worse, if, listening to their accusations, he gives way to jealousy and stamps her with disgrace?

The faces of the sterner sex promise but little comfort. Now they are evidently joking, amusing themselves at her expense; but what of afterwards? Even the ladies do not seem averse to enjoying themselves in the same way.

The picture seems to carry us 200 years back. Without culture, without idealism on the part of men, as was the case in Western Europe, the Russian women were entirely secluded and occupied by trivial domestic petty struggles at home—they enjoyed neither the pleasures nor the honours due to the rank of their husbands. On the plea of preserving her moral character she was advised by the moralists of her time to seclude herself from the outside world as much as possible. So that it often happened that the daughters of the nobles had never broken their seclusion before the marriage, even in order to go to church. After her marriage a wife only quitted her apartments to serve as a decoration at ceremonies and as a proof of her husband's wealth. She had to fear insults and degradation from strangers in the streets and even in church. In short, she was but her husband's slave, whose duty it was to amuse and please her master. She was not trained to be an intelligent mother nor an educated and advanced helpmate to her husband, brother, or father.

In the gradual progress of woman from a mere slave into an intelligent member of society can be summed up all the characteristic varieties of the social life of modern Russia.

Thanks to the sweeping reforms of Peter the

Great, the mode of life amongst the higher class of Russian society has been abruptly but firmly reconstructed according to the model of middle-class Western Europe, the customs of the old "boiars" being transferred to the wealthy though uncultured merchant class of Central and Eastern Russia.

Even now, amongst the latter there are to be found a vast number of illustrations from the life for such pictures as the one we have presented. But in the front ranks of society stand the bold and thoroughly educated champions not only of the emancipation of women, but of every human being. After a long struggle the Russian woman has acquired the higher education and a sufficiently independent economical position, so that to-day she has far more elevated aspirations and much more important aims in life.

There is still another woman in modern Russia to picture whose fate would require a good deal darker colouring than that of this picture—perhaps, indeed, it is a subject more suitable for a pen than for a brush.

As our most popular Russian poet Nekrassoff says in his picturesque poem founded on Russian legend, "The keys of the happiness of the Russian peasant woman were kept by God, but somehow lost in an ocean and swallowed by a fish. This happened so long ago, that even the name of the fish is forgotten, and ever since the mystery of woman's destiny remains unsolved."

To find these keys, to solve this mystery, and to deliver the Russian peasant woman from slavery, poverty, and ignorance—such is the aim of an advanced Russian woman of our days.

N. TCHAYKOVSKY.

"1745."

PRINCE CHARLIE'S MARCH SOUTHWARD. THE NEW REPORT OF THE HISTORICAL MSS. COMMISSION.

MANY are the important events in English history that have been illustrated by the labours of the Historical MSS. Commission, and its inspectors; but hitherto it can hardly be said that the second Scotch rebellion is amongst them. Stray allusions to that stirring time have certainly been made in some of the earlier reports, but no such complete record has yet appeared of what was then passing in the North of England and the Midlands, as that given in the just issued report on Sir William Fitzherbert's papers.

The first letter of the series is written from Morpeth on September 22, in that memorable year. Prince Charlie had then been on his southward march for upwards of a month, and fortune had smiled upon him; his army was something more than the handful of Highlanders who had thrown up their bonnets as their leader's standard was raised in Glenfinnan. It was a regiment of powerful men, inured to hardship, and making up in fervour

and enthusiasm what it lacked in discipline and accoutrement. Perth had enriched the Prince with a welcome gift of money, and Holyrood House was again the palace of the Stuarts; and the first genuine battle between the adherents to the Prince and those faithful in their allegiance to the Hanoverian king, had ended in a decisive victory for the former. The writer of the letter, who—like all the other writers in this curious batch of correspondence—was not a partisan of Prince Charlie or his followers, thus announces the defeat: "The army, commanded by Sir John Cope, was quite routed yesterday morning near Preston Panns, where Sir John Cope and some more fled and got off in a boat . . . they engaged about six yesterday morning. The Highlanders fired in platoons a few fires, and then rushed upon our people, sword in hand, which struck 'em with such a pannick that they all fled in less than half an hour." Sir John Cope made hot haste to Berwick, and on telling the

commander there of the rout, was congratulated on the rapidity of his flight, and on being the first general who had brought news of his own defeat!

It is generally admitted that, in the discontented state of England at the time, had the Prince pushed forward into England, the second Scotch rebellion might have actually terminated in success, or, at least, turned out something very different from what it actually did; but Charles appears to have considered it wiser to return to Edinburgh to recruit, and did not re-enter upon his southward march till November. In the Fitzherbert papers we have a description of their start, and of the efforts made by King George's followers to raise an army of defence. From Carlisle there is a letter, written on November 4, which states that "the rebels are gott through Esk and crossed [the] Eden att a place called Peathwash, and have taken up their quarters att Greendale, two miles from hence. . . . We expect every hour they will attack us." But no forcible attempt was made upon the city; at ten o'clock on the same night, the same writer announces that "the rebels, finding they could not carry our towne, are moving up the river." But Charles had probably learnt that there was no need to waste energy on the attack, as those in authority in the place were really willing to yield. The report before us contains the summons to surrender, couched in characteristic language, which is as follows:

"C[harles] P[rince] of W[ales] K[ing] of the Kingdom of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, and of the dominions thereunto belonging. Being come from our father to recover just right, with full authority, we are sorry to find you should prepare to obstruct our passage. We therefore, to avoid the effusion of English blood, doe hereby require you to open your gates and let us enter in a peaceable manner, which, if you do, we shall take care to preserve you from any insult and sett an example to all England of the exactness with which we intend to fulfil the King, our father's, declaration and our own. But, if you shall refuse us entrance, we are fully resolved to force it by such measures as providence has put into our hands, and then perhaps it will not be in our power to prevent the dreadfull consequences which usually attend places taken by assault. You may consider seriously of this, and return an answer in two hours."

Carlisle taken, the Prince's march southwards began in earnest, and its progress receives description in letters from various points of the route. The proceedings of those who acted under the directions of Marshal Wade revealed the very grave light in which King George and his advisers regarded the rebellion. As far as armed resistance went, that, with the disposable force, was impossible. "My advice," writes Wade, "to the mayor and gentlemen of Lancaster," is "to break up into small parties, fire from every hedge, and keep the rebels from separating from their main body to pillage." The farther they penetrated into England, he thought, the worse it would be for them.

The Prince's march now receives many curious illustrations in the letters. On December 2 a writer says: "My business last Sunday was to watch the motions of the rebels. Stockport bridge being broke

down, obliged them to cross a ford near Cheedle, which took them near to their middles in water, with as much eagerness as a dog after a duck, but with less concern. When they came out again, they walked at a prodigious rate. . . . They are in very high spirits, and want to meet Ligonier." They pushed forward that night to Macclesfield, and the writer, on going there on the morning he wrote the letter under notice, found a number of "Manchester gentlemen" amongst them; "they are," he adds, "determined to make the best of their way to London." But at Derby the news for them was not reassuring, and, despite the entreaties of Prince Charlie, the generals, in council, decided to commence a retreat northwards; the Fitzherbert letters describe their forces at the time as "much dispirited and tired with marching." But, despite fatigue, the retreat was pushed forward with vigour, for the King's army was pressing hard on the fugitives. On December 8 a letter from Chesterfield announces that Carlisle is again in the possession of King George's troops, and the mayor and town clerk sent up in custody to London. Whilst Manchester, whose temporary loyalty to the house of Stuart had six weeks before induced it to raise a special regiment to aid the invading force, was now rejoicing at the re-taking of Carlisle. Its windows were illuminated, King George's health was everywhere being drunk to, and the "Pretender was carry'd about the streets in effigy (dressed in plad and armed with sword and target) by the populace. A person on horseback went before him beating a warming-pan and crying out 'King George for ever; no warming-pan brood; no warming-pan Pretender;' and at proper places, the mob made a stand and cried aloud, 'No Jacobite parsons, no Jacobite doctors, no Jacobite constables; Hanover for ever, the Duke of Cumberland for ever' . . . in conclusion they burnt the effigy in due form." The allusions to the first cries raised are of course obvious, and a postscript to the letter under notice explains the latter by stating that "one Coppock, a clergyman in Manchester, joined the rebels; Dr. Deacon, a non-juring physician, sent his three sons . . . the constables of Manchester ordered 50,000 bullets to be made for the rebels and sent southwards after them." One of the constables was, indeed, so active in his service that he attended the rebel leaders, whilst in Manchester, "hunting for arms and horses, with a bible in his hand, in order to swear the persons they went to."

On all sides tales of plunder and violence, offered by the retreating troops, came in, and one can hardly feel surprised that the Duke of Cumberland was hailed on his march as a public deliverer. Macclesfield, says one correspondent, is "almost ruined by them." At the approach of the King's forces into the town, I never saw such a cheerfulness and rejoicing in my life. Only the day before, whilst a party of Prince Charlie's men were plundering in the neighbourhood, an inhabitant fired and killed one of them; for this he, and those who were with him, paid no very agreeable penalty; "the man's house was burnt and he and his neighbours were forced to walk barefoot, with halters about their necks, and their boots hung

over their shoulders. The rebels fixed the contribution that the town should pay them at 2,500*l.*, and got their money before they left."

But, despite plunder in money and stock, Prince Charlie's forces were—so we may judge from the Fitzherbert letters—in a sorry plight before they got out of England. They had left Preston "in great distress!" and it was hardly to be expected they could keep ahead of the Duke of Cumberland's troops by continuing their long and rapid marches. The MSS. under notice contain, under date a few days later, details of the fight between the rebels and their pursuers on Clifton moor, near Penrith. According to these details, Prince Charlie's men would have suffered heavily, had not the swampy nature of the ground—which mattered little to the Highlanders—prevented the Duke's troops from following up the advantage they gained at the outset of the attack. As it was, the fugitives reached Penrith in safety, and forced a hundred of the inhabitants to bear lanterns before them and lead them across the moors to the Scottish border.

Only one or two of the Fitzherbert letters relate to the subsequent progress of affairs in Scotland. The first is from Edinburgh, and dated February 3, 1745-6. It announces the arrival of the Duke of Cumberland, and, "to the surprise of everyone," his departure northward within twenty-four hours of his coming. He followed the troops in the Earl of Hopetoun's coach, "amidst a prodigious crowd, who expressed their satisfaction by repeated acclamations of joy and prayers for his success." When a little distance out of the city, the Duke left the coach, mounted a horse, and was "soon up with the army." They lay that night at Linlithgow, Prince Charlie's men being encamped at Stirling; but there, "surprised and terrified" by the alertness of the King's troops, blew up their powder magazine, which was in the neighbouring church of St. Ninian, and fled "with the greatest precipitation, without the least regularity, and made such a haste that they got to the north side

of the Forth, by the ford of the Trew, that night."

A letter from Newcastle, dated on February 4, states that one of the King's messengers had that morning passed through the town, having left Stirling at five o'clock on the previous morning, charged by the Duke "not to stop or sleep" till he had delivered his dispatches, announcing the capture of Stirling, into King George's hands. The flight from Stirling had been so precipitate that many of the rebels were drowned in crossing the river, and they left behind them all their arms and provisions.

"Such a speedy deliverance to the south part of Scotland" was, says one writer, "beyond the warmest expectation; and the inimitable bravery of His Royal Highness, who has freed the better half of North Britain from oppression, slavery, rapine, and blood, in the short space of three days, will ever be gratefully acknowledged by all the friends of liberty. . . . Yesterday the most devout thanksgivings were put up to Almighty God for this begun deliverance from this wicked and unnatural rebellion."

The final rout of Prince Charlie's men on Culloden moor is not recorded, but, from what we have quoted, it is pretty evident that the event, when it happened, was neither unexpected nor regretted, by a very large proportion of the inhabitants, not only in the Lowlands, but also of the southern part of the Highlands. Indeed, a curious feature in the history of this—from first to last—most clumsily managed rebellion, and a feature which the Fitzherbert papers bring very vividly before us, is the short time that the sympathisers with the Stuart cause continued their sympathy. It looks much as if the poor appearance of the rebels, and their behaviour, quickly alienated the goodwill towards the exiled royal family, and dispelled the hopes—which undoubtedly existed, over a considerable part of the Northern and Midland counties of England—of a restoration of the House of Stuart on the throne of England.

W. J. HARDY.

THE KING OF SIAM AND HIS HOUSEHOLD.

IT has been well said that the capital of King Chulalongkorn is at once the Windsor, the Woolwich, and the Blackwall of Siam. Founded little more than a hundred years ago, on the creek of Bang-kok, and speedily superseding Ayuthia as the seat of Government, it has developed into the head centre of the rice-carrying trade of the Far East.

Called to the throne as long ago as 1868, King Chulalongkorn is only forty years of age. The "silver" Jubilee of his accession was celebrated some months ago. The Crown Prince, Maha Vajirunhis by name, is a bright little fellow of

fifteen. On the Sapatôme Road, about a mile and a half from Bang-kok, a palace has been built for him. It is constructed of English bricks, and Windsor Castle has been adopted for a model as far as possible.

Whensoever the King is in the palace, that fact is announced to his true and loyal subjects by the display of a beautiful crimson standard. The fabled white elephants are not yet altogether a myth and a memory, inasmuch as four or five ponderous drab-coloured beasts may be seen in the royal stables; but they are not now used for State ceremonials. In fact, the casual visitor to Bang-kok

will see nothing more formidable in this way than a baby elephant of doubtful colour, which levies matutinal blackmail upon the native shopkeepers.

King Chulalongkorn's palace is a walled and battlemented city within a city, and it may be said to contain wealth almost beyond the dreams of avarice. Behind the line of not very warlike sentries who guard its massive gates is contained treasure far, far in excess of the loot obtained by the sacking of the Summer Palace at Peking in 1860. You may call it an inner and an outer palace if you choose. For no European of the male sex has ever yet penetrated to the heart of that interior. In it are contained four thousand women and one man. That man is the King.

There are probably never less than a thousand armed men inside the palace walls, and far more than that number since the trouble with France. Spires and minarets innumerable though there be, the Italian style has been largely employed in the construction of this extraordinary edifice. The tessellated pavement tells you so as soon as you have succeeded in passing the inquisitive sentries. Most of the magnificence which then bursts upon you has been here, with "alterations and additions," for something like a century and a quarter. The audience-chamber is particularly fine, but far more European than Oriental, out of compliment to occasional royal and noble visitors from across the seas. Contained in the magnificent apartments of the First and Second Queens are jewels of untold value and dazzling splendour. Queen Ramboi has a huge safe or casket, the handicraft of a London firm, in which repose these marvellous riches: necklets, pendants, bracelets, anklets of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls—the concentrated wealth of Far Cathay, to your thinking. The Second Queen owns a scarcely inferior jewel-casket. In a word, the public companies such as the Sapphires and Rubies of Siam, Limited, and the Goldfields of Siam, Limited, would appear to have come upon the scene somewhat late in the day.

His Majesty's own collection of jewellery and bijouterie surpasses anything that the imagination or cupidity of either of his consorts could have conjured up. Within the last few years, moreover, it has been enriched by the purchase of many of the rarest and most costly gems that have appeared upon the European markets. His jewel-repository is said to occupy the entire wall-space of the Royal bed-chamber, which is itself in many respects a work of art. It may be noted, *en passant*, that the King has never travelled farther west than Calcutta, although most of his half-brothers have been to Europe. The marital laws of the kingdom render it possible for Prince Devawongse—an extremely capable man, occupying the position of Minister for Foreign Affairs—to be at once the half-brother and brother-in-law of the King. There is no longer a "Second King" of Siam, that dignity having been done away with on the death of the former Second King, an old gentleman of considerable intelligence, who, so far as I am aware, never did harm to anyone. His palace may still be seen; I fancy it is now occupied by one of the innumerable Siamese princes. It is told of the late King, Phra Chula Chom Klao, that he in-

formed some American missionaries they might visit his dominions as much and as often as they chose. "I and my people are Buddhists," observed the dusky monarch, "but at all events you do no harm." There is still a large sprinkling of American missionaries in the country.

I have said that the Crown Prince is an amiable and promising youth. He has an English tutor, Mr. R. L. Morant, an M.A. from Oxford, a very hard worker, and a capable man. Mr. Morant, who is said to possess a certain share of the royal confidence, has studied the Siamese language



THE SUPREME QUEEN OF SIAM.
(From a photograph by F. Chit of Bangkok.)

to some purpose, being the compiler of more than one manual. During the recent political trouble he combined the duties of *Daily Chronicle* correspondent with those of instructing his young charge, who reads, writes, and speaks English and French fluently.

Last year the Czarevitch paid a visit to His Siamese Majesty, and this year the Archduke of Austria would have done the like but for the incidence of the Franco-Siamese trouble. In Siam the King is as supreme as the Czar is in Russia. For choice I would prefer Siam, where there is no Siberia, and where the system of government,

though faulty, is by no means so autocratic. One day, when the King was returning from an inspection of the river defences, I went to witness the arrival of His Majesty's yacht; in the whole of that crowd I was the only European, and consequently the solitary spectator who did not fall prostrate upon his face.

The social status of women in Siam is, I should say, almost as low as it possibly can be. Here I am forced to join issue with Mr. George Curzon. Women are the beasts of burden and the tillers of the soil, the hewers of wood and drawers of

the presentation to every accepted maiden of a tea and betel service of solid gold. But woe to the unhappy girl who has the temerity to engage in an intrigue after her admission to the palace! Since she is dead to the world from the moment she enters those golden gates, her disappearance is unknown to her nearest relative. In a sense, her life within those mysterious walls is a blank, which will end only with herself. She prays to Buddha because she has been taught to do so, and not because she believes there ever was such a being. She does everything by rote, parrot-like. Her very



THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM BEFORE AND AFTER THE HAIR-CUTTING CEREMONY.¹
(From photographs by F. Chit of Bang-kok.)

water. Their lazy husbands sleep while the wretched wives cultivate the paddy-fields. Give the man his filthy betel-leaf and thick *burree*, and he will lie down and tell you "*pra deo*" till the crack of doom. Yet these women are not permitted to sit at the same board with their loafing lords—they do not expect it.

Spite of this unfavourable picture, the fair sex are paramount inside the palace, without a doubt. The supply of candidates for the harem is never permitted to fall off, but is steadily maintained—ay, more than maintained—by the ambition of fathers of families. A proof of the royal favour is

children are taken from her at perhaps six years old, and the chances are much against her ever seeing them again. They are lost to her the same as she has been lost to her parents years ago, with the difference that her parents sold her because they had been taught it was the correct thing to do—the end-all-and-be-all of their parental ties and duties. And this is harem-life in the palace of the capital of Phra Somdeltch Chulalongkorn I.

¹ The cutting of the King's hair is made an occasion for rejoicing. In every family the cutting, at the age of twelve or thirteen, of the tuft left on the top of the head, is a great ceremony. . . . The head is considered very sacred.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The King, who speaks English fluently, has for his General Adviser a Belgian diplomatist, M. Rolin-Jaequemyns, a man who has grown grey in the service of various royal masters. M. Jaequemyns stands well with His Majesty, with whom he has now been for upwards of a twelvemonth. As General Adviser and Minister Plenipotentiary ("G.A.M.P." his enemies have christened him) to the Government, he has gained considerable *kudos* and his opinions carry weight, as of course they ought to, in the *Seena-boddee*, or Royal Council. He receives a salary of £3,000 per annum, in addition to the free use of two handsome residences.

The royal palace has been Europeanised very considerably of late. Originally constructed by European artisans, it has been improved upon according to their methods, in anticipation of that visit by the Austrian Archduke which was destined not to take place. No fewer than thirty rooms have been fitted up with Louis Quinze furniture

specialy sent out from England. The great drawing-room in particular has been dealt with in a most costly fashion, the furniture being in solid Spanish mahogany, and having the Siamese coat-of-arms worked upon each article. A complete bedroom suite was also arranged for the use of the Archduke.

The only works which can be said to give even a glimpse at the inner life of the Royal family of Siam are Sir John Bowring's "The Kingdom of Siam," Henry Mouhot's "Travels," Miss Cort's missionary work, and the late Mrs. L. T. Leonowens's "Harem Life." The last-mentioned lady, whose death took place while I was in Bang-kok, had opportunities for observing the condition of woman-kind in the country, such as have rarely fallen to the lot of any European. All these writers appear to be unanimously of opinion that the former King, traces of whose care for his people may yet be seen, was a man of a rare intelligence.

PERCY CROSS STANDING.

THAT TROUBLESOME MONKEY.

IF a question were asked as to which was the most intelligent of the animals, the reply would probably be the dog, the elephant, or the horse. But if a reason were demanded for the statement, it would be found that by a confusion of thought, docility had been mistaken for intelligence, and intelligence measured by the ease with which it could be adapted to the service of man. It is quite a mistake, as Mr. Blanford has pointed out, to suppose that monkeys are of inferior intelligence to dogs and elephants. "In reality they are less docile, less willing to learn, and less adapted to captivity; moreover, being of but little use to man, far less trouble has been taken in studying their habits. Thus while dog and elephant-breaking engage all the time and mental resources of particular classes of men, the instruction of monkeys is left to the unaided efforts of amateurs and organ-grinders. The negro race amongst men appears to be far better adapted for slavery than most savage races, being more docile in a state of captivity; but it is scarcely proved to be more intelligent on that account. The same reasoning will doubtless apply to animals. I have often seen dogs and monkeys kept together, and in every instance it has appeared to me that the monkey ruled the dog, and that the dog, although the more powerful animal, feared the monkey, and I can only account for this by the superior intelligence of the monkey."

This inferiority of intelligence is evident in many ways, however loth we may be to admit it. Monkeys are so unpleasantly like the human race as to appear but its caricatures. Even in their fights so like are they to men that it would seem as though the descriptions were from the pen of some super-cynical special correspondent. As an instance of

this, take the following battlepiece from the Royal Natural History," recently published:

"My attention was attracted to a restless gathering of *hanumans* in the grove adjoining the one in which my tent was pitched; and, wishing to form some idea as to its cause, I strolled to where the excitement was greatest, and found two opposing troops engaged in demonstrations of an unfriendly character. Two males of one troop, fair-sized brutes, and one of another, a splendid-looking fellow of stalwart proportions, were walking round and displaying their teeth. The solitary gladiator headed a much smaller following than that captained by the other two, and, strange to say, instead of the whole number of monkeys joining in a general *melle*, the fortune of the question that had to be decided appeared to have been intrusted to the representative champions. It was some time, at least a quarter of an hour, before actual hostilities took place, when, having got within striking distance, the two monkeys made a rush at their adversary. I saw their arms and teeth go viciously, and then the throat of one of the aggressors was ripped right open, and he lay dying. He had done some damage, however, before going under, having wounded his opponent in the shoulder; and matters then seemed pretty evenly balanced between the remaining strugglers. I confess that my sympathies were with the one champion who had gallantly withstood the charge of his enemies; and I fancy the tide of victory would have been in his favour had the odds against him not been reinforced by the advance of two females. I felt that the fight was not a fair one, but was deterred from interfering by a wish to see what the end of the affray would be, and the end, so far as the solitary *hanuman* was concerned, soon came. Each female flung herself upon him, and though he fought his enemies gallantly, one of the females succeeded in seizing him. Not one of his own troop came to his aid. I presume they were either awed by the array of numbers on the other side, or they had full confidence in their leader. Had they assisted, they might in the end have been better off, for the result of the defeat of their champion was that the whole of the aggressors entered upon a guerilla warfare, and, isolating several of the members of the weaker troop, kept them prisoners under surveillance. Whenever the latter tried to break away their guards stopped

them, and then effectually watched them by occupying every piece of vantage-ground."¹

If we were to drop the impersonalities and give these monkey heroes' names, we would have this encounter called "homeric." But knowing that the combatants were mere monkeys, we look at it through the wrong way of the telescope; and think how trivial it all is!

The relative importance of monkeys in the animal kingdom has been much minimised. They are far more numerous and widely distributed than is generally supposed. In the "Royal Natural History," for instance, from which we take many of the following facts, some hundred and fifty species are mentioned, of which about seventy are American, and these Americans range from the Rio Grande do Sul in 30° south latitude to Vera Cruz in Mexico, where the black-handed spider species is found at an elevation of two thousand feet on the slopes of Orizaba, and of four thousand feet in Oajaca.

Although there is now but one monkey in Europe, *Macacus inuus*, the pithecus of Aristotle, otherwise the Barbary macaque, more familiarly known as the ape of the rock of Gibraltar, fossil remains of macaques are found scattered all over the continent, and have even been unearthed as far north as Grays on the northern bank of the Thames. There is a macaque (*M. fuscatus*) in Japan; and in the coldest and least accessible forests of Eastern Tibet there is a stump-tailed macaque (*M. tibetanus*) as well as the Tibetan langur with the tip-tilted nose, which haunts the forests between Moupin and Lake Khokonor, where snow is on the ground for the greater portion of the year. This langur (*Semnopithecus roxellana*) is one of the most historical of monkeys. In that curious old Chinese book the "Shan Hoi King," which dates from something like 2205 B.C., there is a portrait of what is evidently a specimen of *S. roxellana*, with the unmistakable turn-up nose that contrasts so strikingly with the lengthy proboscis of *Nasalis larvatus*, the equally singular Bornean kahau. Monkeys, as a rule, are tropical animals; how they manage to exist through the long cold winters of the Asiatic highlands is somewhat of a mystery.

There are monkeys right across Asia, from the Hainan gibbon on the east to the Arabian baboon on the west. This Arabian baboon is better known on the other side of the Red Sea as the sacred baboon of the old Egyptians, although it is now not found in Egypt but further south in Abyssinia and the Soudan. Sacred as it was, it would seem, at least occasionally, to have been put to some use. On one of the old bas-reliefs there is a fruit-bearing sycamore, in the branches of which are three monkeys, easily recognisable as Arabian baboons from their long snouts, well-developed tails, and thickly haired shoulders and necks; on either side of the tree are two slaves, with baskets laden with sycamore figs, and these baskets they are filling with the figs handed down by the baboons. It thus appears that the ancient Egyptians had succeeded in training these animals to gather fruits and

hand them to their masters, precisely after the fashion that the modern Malays are said to have trained a langur in Sumatra to perform a similar kind of service; the fruit in the one case being sycamore figs, and in the other cocoa-nuts. The common long-tailed monkeys of the Egyptian sculptures, it may be as well to note, were either guenons or mangabeys, probably guenons, which were well known in Rome and Athens under the name of *Cebus*, which now does duty as the generic designation of an American family.

There are monkeys in many of the Asiatic islands. In the Nicobars, as well as on the Arakan coast, there is that remarkable animal the crab-eating macaque, which has forsaken the usual simian food in favour of a diet of crabs and insects, and frequents the tidal creeks and rivers in family parties of half a dozen or more, swimming and diving as readily as a man. In Sumatra there are a large number of species, but then Sumatra is a haunt of the orang, and the special home of the siamang, the largest of the long-armed gibbons whose morning and evening observances attracted the attention of Duvaucl. "Siamangs," he says, "generally assemble in numerous troops, conducted, it is said, by a chief whom the Malays believe to be invulnerable, probably because he is more agile, powerful, and difficult to reach than the rest. Thus united, they salute the rising and setting sun with the most terrific cries, which may be heard at several miles distance; and which, when near, deafen when they don't frighten. This is the morning call to the mountain Malays, but to the inhabitants of the towns it is a most insupportable annoyance."

In Java lives the wou-wou, or silver gibbon, its congener the agile gibbon being found as far north as the Sulu Islands between the Philippines and Borneo. In Borneo, monkey life is well represented from the orang downwards, and one species, Hose's langur, haunts the woods at elevations up to 4,000 feet on the side of the chief mountain, Kina Balu. From Celebes farther eastward, and from the small island of Batchian more eastward still, comes the black ape which gives the connecting link between the macaques and true baboons.

The true baboons are exclusively African, with the exception of the Arabian species on the Red Sea littoral. On the West Coast are the drill and mandrill, the papio, and the anubis; on the East Coast, and extending right across, is the yellow baboon; and in the south is the chacma, found in all the mountain ranges of Cape Colony, living in droves of thirty or more even in the country about Simon's Bay, and in the tract stretching down to Cape Point. The chacma is not a foe to be despised. According to Mrs. Martin, no vegetable poison has the slightest effect on the baboon's iron constitution; and indeed, if there exists any poison at all capable of killing him, it is quite certain that, with his superior intelligence, he would be far too artful to take it; and where the fiat for his destruction has gone forth a well-organised attack has to be made on him with dogs and guns. He can show fight, too, and the dogs must be well trained and have the safety of numbers to enable

¹ "Royal Natural History." By Richard Lydekker, B.A., F.G.S., F.Z.S. (Warne & Co.).

them to face him ; for in fighting he has the immense advantage of hands, with which he seizes a dog and holds him fast while he inflicts a fatal bite through his loins. Indeed, for either dog or man, coming to close quarters with Adonis (as the chacma is ironically called by the Boers) is no trifling matter. "One of our friends travelling on horseback came upon a number of baboons sitting in solemn parliament on some rocks. He cantered towards them, anticipating seeing the ungainly beasts take to their heels in grotesque panic ; but was somewhat taken aback on finding that, far from being intimidated by his approach, they refused to move, and sat waiting for him, regarding him the while with ominous calmness. The canter subsided into a trot, and the trot into a sedate walk, and still they sat there ; and so defiant was the expression on each ugly face that at last the intruder thought it wisest to turn back and ride ignominiously away."

There are monkeys all over Africa, from the Somaliland nisas to the Senegambian patas, from the Barbary macaque to the Cape vervet. Even three thousand feet up the slopes of Kilimajaro there is a guereza ; and a fine fellow he is, with a long silky mantle and a brush to his tail that would not disgrace a yak. But that we know all the African species is unlikely ; Africa is really but little worked as far as its simian fauna is concerned, for sportsmen as a rule care little for such troublesome things as monkeys.

The Indian species are numerous ; and India would seem to have been much favoured in this respect for a considerable period. In the sandstones of the outer flanks of the Himalaya there is

a fossil species of ape apparently referable to the same genus as the chimpanzee, and from the same strata comes the tusk of another large ape which there is every reason to believe was a species of orang ; besides these, remains of fossil baboons have been found allied to the sacred baboons and the chacma, and from the cave deposits it would appear that baboons continued to exist in India until comparatively recent times. "We have, therefore," according to Mr. Lydekker, "decisive proof that at a former period of the earth's history such an assembly of primates was gathered together on the plains of India at a time when the Himalaya did not exist as has been seen nowhere else beyond the walls of a menagerie. Side by side with langurs and macaques closely resembling those now found in that region were chimpanzees and baboons as nearly related to those of modern Africa ; while the extinct Indian orang recalls the existing species of Borneo and Sumatra. India, therefore, in the Pliocene period, seems to have been the central point whence the main groups of Old World primates dispersed themselves to their far distant homes."

But there would seem to have been an earlier dispersal than this, for just as the Old World monkeys, recent and fossil, are closely allied, so are the American monkeys, but not a vestige of the American type has been found in the Old World rocks, nor have any American fossils been found with Old World characteristics. As far as present knowledge goes, the two types have been distinct from remote antiquity, and their common origin can only be found by going one step lower to the lemurs.

THE SHEEP AND THE TIGER.

A CREOLE STORY.

A LONG, long time ago Monsieur Sheep was the dread of all the other animals in field or forest. When he passed slowly along the road, walking with a sedate air, his long beard and curved horns appeared so formidable that all who saw him were seized with terror, and, saluting low, took to their heels.

Had Monsieur then ever eaten any of his neighbours ? Well, the gossips were not certain, but he looked so capable of it that, as they said, it was safer to believe than to seek a proof.

Hearing constantly that he was a formidable fellow, Monsieur Sheep came to believe it, so that when once he happened to see himself reflected in a brook he started back in extreme alarm to behold such horns, such a beard !

A Tiger who lived close by took courage one day to visit his neighbour. He arrived, accompanied by his son, a fine, active little fellow. From some distance they saw Monsieur Sheep, and bowed low as they drew near.

"Neighbour," began Monsieur Tiger, "I have called to pay my respects to you. My wife would have done herself the honour of calling on Madame Sheep were she not unfortunately confined to the house by a severe cold."

His host, with a grave bow, invited him to enter the house. Whilst the two fathers sat discussing affairs of state, Tiger-cub went to play with Lambkin in the garden.

"Be very civil to him," Monsieur Tiger had whispered to his little son, "lest he bite you."

So the two children began to play. Very soon Tiger-cub turned a somersault, at which Lambkin shouted with laughter.

"Hullo," cried Tiger-cub, "what tiny teeth you have !" "It is the way in our family," said Lambkin. "Papa's are the same."

This reply set the little tiger thinking, and when the visit was over he could hardly wait until Monsieur Sheep had bid them farewell and re-entered his house. "Papa, papa," he cried, "Lambkin has such tiny teeth, and he says his father's are no bigger !"

"Silence, child !" cried the Tiger in alarm ; "if Monsieur Sheep heard you he would devour us both !" but all the same he resolved to know more of the matter.

How to see Monsieur Sheep's teeth, that was the question. It would not be easy, for he scarcely opened his mouth in speaking, and his beard hid his lips and chin. However, a chance came to the Tiger as to all who wait. Before long Monsieur Sheep and his son returned their neighbours' visit. The two children played together as before. Monsieur Tiger showed great politeness to his guest, and brought out for him a bottle of his best wine. This was followed by a second, and even a third. Monsieur Sheep grew merry, laid aside his grave manner, opened his mouth wide at last, and laughed at his ease. Then Monsieur Tiger plainly saw the small teeth of his companion. Without hesitation he sprang on the Sheep, and strangled him. Hearing the cries of his father, Lambkin fled in terror, and reached home before the Tiger, eagerly devouring his first victim, dreamt of pursuit.

All day there was weeping and lamentation in the Sheep's dwelling. Mother and son mingled together their tears of

grief and alarm. Hearing their cries, the Queen of the Birds flew from a great tree near their house, and asked Madame Sheep the cause of their affliction.

"Alas, kind lady, the wicked Monsieur Tiger has eaten my dear husband, and we dare not go out, my son and I, for he prowls about on the watch to devour us also."

Touched with pity, the Queen of the Birds besought her to be comforted, and promised to avenge her; then, flapping her wings, returned to the forest. There all the birds gathered in response to her summons. Cranes with brilliant feathers, snowy-crested cockatoos, thousands of green parakeets with scarlet beaks, birds of paradise and tiny humming birds, like precious gems to whom the good God gives wings.

The Queen, full of indignation, told them of the cruel death of the Sheep. "Let us swear to avenge our good neighbour!" she cried.

"We swear it!" piped, screeched, whistled the birds, each in his own language. At this unharmonious babel of sound even the crocodiles fled precipitately among the long grass and reeds, while the boas and rattlesnakes hid themselves in the clefts of trees.

"Have courage," cried the Queen of the Birds. "Tomorrow I shall give a grand *fête* in the forest. I request all the birds in the wood to gather. My dear little parakeets, fly everywhere and give the invitations. Make all ready for the *fête*; come exactly at the hour; and above all, be careful to obey any order I give you when we are assembled. As for me, I go myself to invite Monsieur Tiger."

Much flattered by the visit of the Queen of the Birds, the Tiger promised to come to the ball in the forest.

Next day, in high good humour, he put on his best clothes, curled his moustache, and before setting out embraced his wife and kissed his little son on both cheeks.

When she saw him coming the Queen of the Birds called to her subjects, "Take your places quickly, form quadrilles, and, every one of you, *dance with your heads hidden under your wings*. Music! play up!" and the orchestra played—

Tig tig malinboin
Chemela che tango
Redjoun
Chemela che tango.

The Queen of the Birds flew towards Monsieur Tiger, and bid him welcome.

What a brilliant *fête*! The Tiger was fairly dazzled. Long rows of birds in gay plumage took their places.

"The quadrille may begin," said the Queen, "and you, Monsieur, shall be my cavalier."

The Tiger placed himself beside his partner, and again the orchestra began,

Tig tig malinboin
Chemela che tango.

Instantly the birds, with their heads under their wings,

began to hop in time to the music; but when, all glorious and marching with his head in the air, Monsieur Tiger was about to take the first steps in the dance, the Queen cried, "What, my friend! you forget yourself strangely. According to the etiquette of my court, to take part in this dance one must appear without one's head. Behold my other guests: they would consider themselves as wanting the manners of good society—what do I say?—as failing in the most ordinary civility—did they show their heads in the presence of their Queen. No, Monsieur, you must do as they do if you desire the honour of figuring in the Grand Quadrille of the Queen of the Birds!"

The Tiger was overwhelmed with confusion. "My Queen," he cried, "a thousand pardons. I am only a wild hunter accustomed to pass whole nights on the watch. I am quite ignorant of all these ceremonies of courts. Will you reserve for me a country dance, and I shall return speedily to claim it in the semblance you require?"

In a few bounds Monsieur Tiger reached home. He called for his wife. "My wife, to have the honour of dancing with the Queen of the Birds it is necessary to appear without one's head. I have seen the other guests. They all dance in that fashion. It is court etiquette. So take a hatchet and cut off my head for me."

"Thou hast lost it already, my poor husband!" exclaimed his amazed wife. "In place of going to dance with queens it were better to remain quietly at home with thy wife and child. I do not approve of a husband leaving his wife and spending the night at a ball."

"If you do not obey me," roared Monsieur Tiger, furious because she dared to argue, "I will strangle you this instant!"

Then Madame seized the hatchet, and with one stroke cut off his head. He was dead now, for good and all, as you can suppose.

Two parakeets who had been watching flew off with the welcome news of the Tiger's death to their Queen. All the birds now popped their heads out from under their wings. All the beasts of the forest came to join the *fête*, ready to embrace Madame Sheep and her son. They arranged themselves again to dance, and the orchestra again struck up—

Tig tig malinboin
Chemela che tango
Redjoun
Chemela che tango.

How they hopped, how they fluttered! You can hardly imagine. At last night fell, and they returned to their homes, for all pleasures must come to an end. But first they made a collection among themselves for Lambkin and his mother.

Lambkins and your parents, learn from this story that it is better not to open your mouth than to laugh with people whom you do not know.

Translated by J. M. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

Varieties.

Talbot Baines Reed.—A wide circle of friends, and a very much wider circle of readers, will be grieved at the somewhat sudden death of Mr. Talbot Baines Reed, the third son of the late Sir Charles Reed, which took place on November 28, 1893. Mr. Reed had been for some months in such a state of health as to cause anxiety to his relations, but had recently seemed better and likely to regain strength. This makes his loss even harder to bear. He was educated at the City of London School, and at the time of his death was the managing director of the great type foundry in Fann Street. He had a deep and varied know-

ledge not only of modern type-founding but also of its past history, and of the way in which this branch of the printing craft enshrines the great secret which Gutenberg discovered in the fifteenth century. His "History of the Old English Letter Foundries" is one of the prime authorities on the history of printing. He belonged to the Society of Antiquaries; and mainly by his impulse and effort the latest of the learned bodies, the Bibliographical Society, was originated in 1892. He was Honorary Secretary of this until within a short time of his death, resigning only because he recognised that it had become needful to husband his strength

But it was as a most successful writer of strong, healthy stories for boys that he was most widely known. He made his name in this department in connection with the "Boy's Own Paper," and it is only needful to recall such titles as "The Adventures of a Three-Guinea Watch," "My Friend Smith," "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," and the recently issued "The Cock House at Fellsgarth" to realise how vast an influence he exerted. Personally he was possessed of many gracious qualities which endeared him to all who knew him, and in their time of sorrow his relations will receive the deep sympathy of multitudes who knew him only through the printed page.

A Large Holly Tree.—Colonel Lloyd-Verney writes to the "Times" from Clochfaen, Llanidloes: "May I venture through your columns to describe a holly tree within ten paces of my house (which is 1,040 ft. above the sea), which I venture to think is the largest in Great Britain? I have in my possession a report which was made on it in January 1836, and at that time the tree 'measured in circumference above the roots thereof 27 ft. 6 in., was estimated to be 60 ft. in height, and was very branchy, the general opinion being that it was 400 years old.' The circumference of the tree now is 30 ft., and its height 43 ft., and it has sixteen main branches, measuring in circumference 11 ft. 7 in. and 8 ft. 2 in. It covers a circle, the diameter of which is 54 ft., and its branches have numerous initials and dates cut on them, those which can be still deciphered ranging from 1700 to 1864. The most legible is that of 'J. Broughton, August 22, 1756,' which is almost as clear as the day on which it was cut. Many of the branches are half eaten through with rot, and I have had all the sixteen supported by iron rods. The tree still shows great vitality, each year bringing forth numerous young shoots. It is rather curious that on the opposite side of the valley is another large holly tree, which measures 17 ft. 6 in. in circumference."

We should be glad to receive notes of large trees from various places, giving the name, locality, and accurate measurements; especially the girth of trunk before sending off branches. Miscellaneous information, as in the case of the holly tree at Llanidloes, will be welcome. There are many records of historical trees, of which the present condition may be given, such as the Yardley oak, the Burnham beeches, and the giants described in Gilpin's "Forest Scenery."

Circumference of Trees.—An oak, reputed to be the largest in Suffolk, was blown down this autumn. It was 66 feet in girth in the trunk, and a party of four took luncheon at an impromptu table on, what we may term, "the first floor," or first division of branches from the main stem. Another way of giving idea of the size is the statement that two persons on horseback could not see each other when standing on opposite sides.

Carlyle's Birthplace at Ecclefechan.—The house at Ecclefechan, and the room in which Thomas Carlyle was born on December 4, 1795, are tended with pious care. The furnishings of the tiny rooms, the bric-à-brac, and prints—to which there has recently been added a portrait-group, consisting of Carlyle, his brother Robert, and his life-long friend, Provost Swan, of Kirkcaldy—enhance the old-world aspect of the interior, which remains almost exactly in the condition it was a century ago. During the twelve-month ending September 16, as many as 580 persons have visited the place of Carlyle's birth. Of that number, two were Chinese, two Germans, one Frenchman, two Australians, and fourteen Americans. The house at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where he lived so long, has a tablet on the outside to mark it.

Incident in the Life of John MacGregor ("Rob Roy").—Mr. MacGregor, it is well known, was one of the most energetic of open-air preachers. Being in the neighbourhood of Lanark when some race-gathering was taking place, he thought it was a good opportunity of exercising his calling. On his way to the course he came upon a poor man in a gcart, which he propelled with his hands. Observing that the man wanted both his legs, Mr. MacGregor asked him how he came by that misfortune. "Oh," said the man, "it was at sea, many years ago—the ship was burnt." "Indeed! what ship was it?" "The *Kent*—East Indiaman." Mr.

MacGregor said he had understood the crew of that vessel had got off without accident. The man said, Yes, the bulk of them did; but he was one of those who had made themselves drunk when the ship was given up for lost, and who were left to their fate on the deck. The vessel afterwards blew up, and he, with all who were left, was blown into the air. Falling back into the sea he fell upon a fragment of the wreck, and both his legs were broken. A French vessel, drawn to the spot by the explosion, picked up some seven men in all, of whom he was one, and the last to be saved. "Well, if you were the last, I was the first, that was saved." "You, sir? you were not born then," was the answer. Mr. MacGregor then told him how he was the infant that was first of all let down into the *Cambria's* boat. A similar incident occurred when Mr. MacGregor was at Epsom, on one of the great races, always on the look-out for doing good.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."—Amongst the books presented at a prize distribution at one of the Oldham Board schools was a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." On the name of the book being announced the children gave a loud outburst of cheering, so hearty and spontaneous as to reveal not only an acquaintance with the book, but a warm appreciation of its story. Mr. J. Middleton, a member of the Board, brought the incident under the notice of Mrs. Stowe, and received the following reply from the venerable author:—"Hartford, July 27, 1893. Mr. Middleton, Dear Sir,—Your favour of July 8th reached me the 21st. It was a very kind thought of yours sending me word of the cordial reception my book, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' received from the 300 English school children, for which I thank you much. It is, indeed, a sincere pleasure to feel in old age that the work of one's life still lives. I should be glad to thank the dear children for their kind acknowledgment and appreciation of the greatest work and effort of my life, and yourself also, my dear sir, for giving me the pleasure of knowing of it.—With warmest thanks, sincerely yours, HARRIET BEECHER STOWE."

Edelweiss and other Alpine Plants.—In former times, before the multitudinous rush of tourists to Switzerland, there was some romance associated with Alpine plants. Notably the Edelweiss, the *Gnaphalium alpinum* of botanists, was the theme of many a legend, and celebrated in many a song. The peril attending the finding the plant, and the reward when brought to a loved maiden, may be still familiar in native villages. The obtaining of it was then as dreadful and dangerous a task as Samphire-gathering in Shakespeare's time. But nowadays acres of Edelweiss are raised in nursery grounds to supply the great demand, for flowers and roots, in every country of Europe, as well as in America. In some of the Swiss Cantons laws were passed to protect the plant from extermination, the shepherds and the "guides" bringing down such large quantities to places where travellers most resorted. There is little risk of the disappearance of Edelweiss now. There is one well-known raiser of it for the market of the world, and especially for sale in Germany, Andrew Jakel, whose nursery-ground in the Tyrol is the highest in the world. He produces thousands of the *Gnaphalium*, and here the horticulturist may see in perfection every notable Alpine flower, winter-roses, gentians, and the lovely *Dryas octopetala*, often depicted in pictures in the wreaths that crown the brow of Helvetia. It is also a British plant, although rare, except in the Scottish Highlands, if still extant there.

Letter of Mrs. Carlyle on First Settling at Craigenputtock.—In the "Autobiography of Mary Smith," a school-mistress in the north of England, and writer of rural sketches and poetical pieces of no great merit, according to Mr. Carlyle, there are included some charming letters of Mrs. Carlyle. One of the most characteristic is the following, giving an account of the young wife's anxieties and struggles when she first settled with her husband in the humble home at Craigenputtock:

"I had gone with my husband to live on a little estate of peat bog, that had descended to me, all the way down from John Welsh, the Covenanter, who married a daughter of John Knox. That didn't, I am ashamed to say, make me feel Craigenputtock a whit less of a peat bog, and most

dreary, untoward place to live at ! In fact, it was sixteen miles distant on every side from all the conveniences of life—shops and even post office !

"Further, we were very poor ; and further and worst, being an only child, and brought up to 'great prospects,' I was sublimely ignorant of every branch of useful knowledge, though a capital Latin scholar and a very fair mathematician ! It behoved me in these astonishing circumstances to learn—to sew ! Husbands, I was shocked to find, wore their stockings into holes ! and were always losing buttons ! and I was expected to 'look to all that !' Also it behoved me to learn to cook ! No capable servant choosing to live at 'such an out-of-the-way place,' and my husband having 'bad digestion,' which complicated my difficulties dreadfully. The bread, above all, brought from Dumfries, 'soured on his stomach,' and it was plainly my duty as a christian wife to bake at home !

"So I sent for Cobbett's 'Cottage Economy' and fell to work at a loaf of bread. But knowing nothing about the process of fermentation or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time myself ought to have been put into bed, and I remained the only person not asleep, in a house in the middle of a desert ! One o'clock struck, and then two, and then three ; and still I was sitting there in an intense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness, my heart aching with a sense of forlornness and degradation. 'That I who had been so petted at home, whose comfort had been studied by everybody in the house, who had never been required to do anything but cultivate my mind, should have to pass all those hours of the night in watching a loaf of bread ! which mightn't turn out bread after all !'

"Such thoughts maddened me, till I laid down my head on the table, and sobbed aloud. It was then that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini, sitting up all night watching his Pericles in the oven, came into my head ; and suddenly I asked myself, 'After all ; in the sight of the upper powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Pericles and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing one's hand hath found to do ? The man's determined will, his energy, his patience, his resource, were the really admirable things, of which the statue of Pericles was the mere chance expression. If he had been a woman, living at Craigenputtock, with a dyspeptic husband, sixteen miles from a baker, and he a 'bad one—all these same qualities would have come out most fitly in a good loaf of bread !'

"I cannot express what consolation this germ of an idea spread over my uncongenial life, during five years we lived at that savage place ; where my two immediate predecessors had gone mad, and the third had taken to drink."

Costly Burial.—The majority of intelligent persons are more or less indifferent as to the disposal of their bodies after death, but it may be safely asserted that not one would be found to express a wish that his or her body should be carefully preserved in a polished oak or elm brass-mounted coffin, and in a walled grave or vault. It is the result partly of tyrannical custom and partly of leaving all to the undertaker. The latter has been shorn of much of his former profits derived from the sale of scarves and hatbands, and the hire of palls, plumes, feathers, and other trappings of woe. The polished coffin and the brass furniture are the surviving relics of the "funerals completely furnished" of a past age, and are clung to with affectionate tenacity by those whose interest it is to have them continued. But the undertaker is, after all, what the public make him. The courage and persistence of a few individuals swept away the costly and useless trappings of woe ; only a very little more courage is required to substitute cheaper and perishable coffins for the pretentious upholstery exhibited in the coffin of the day. If the upper classes would set the example and make perishable coffins fashionable, it would soon spread to the working classes, who are still tempted to spend upon a coffin and a burial money which would be much more wisely expended in providing additional comforts and even necessities for the living. —*The Lancet.*

The Brunsviga Calculating Machine.—There are some who remember the great interest with which the celebrated "Calculating Machine" of Mr. Babbage was hailed by men of science. It is about sixty years ago now. At the meeting

of the British Association at Edinburgh in 1834, one of the evening lectures was on Babbage's Machine, and the story of its invention. Amusing instances were given of its liability to error on some special points, though marvellous in general accuracy, and superseding the labour of mental calculation and written figures. Many attempts have been made to improve the machine. The latest of these is described by a correspondent of the "Times." It is called the Brunsviga, being manufactured in Brunswick. It is the invention of a Russian gentleman (Mr. W. Odhner), and it is claimed for it that in size, price, and simplicity of manipulation it greatly exceeds the few calculating machines by which it has been preceded. It measures 13 in. by 8 in. in plan, is 6 in. high, and consists of two main parts—namely, a series of counting wheels fixed on a shaft and rotated by an outside handle, and a series of recording wheels on another shaft, which are actuated through gearing by the shaft of the counting wheels. The Brunsviga by a simple mechanical process performs the work of calculating with ease, rapidity, and accuracy. It will multiply, add, subtract, or divide, giving products up to thirteen figures in length, by merely setting certain levers connected with the counting wheels against certain figures marked on the case of the machine, and turning a handle. The recording wheels display the results of any of the above operations in figures through apertures in the casing, in the same way that figures are displayed in an engine counter. There is a second or subsidiary recorder for indicating the number of revolutions made by the counting wheels, which is a necessary check in the various manipulations.

Rhodes.—This island is known to comparatively few Englishmen, though in ancient times a flourishing Greek settlement, and famous for its Colossus, a lighthouse which was one of the wonders of the world, the ruins of which are still to be seen. One of the recent travellers who visited the island (in company with Professor Sayce, of Queen's College, Oxford), Mr. F. W. Perceval, says : "The scenery is remarkably varied and constantly changes its character. On the north coast there are gardens and vineyards, and beautiful views are obtained of the mountains of Caria and Lycia and of the promontory of Knidus ; in the interior the country is barren and rocky, and the slopes of Attayaro are covered with pines, while on the south coast there is a succession of small bays, divided by high cliffs, which are often crowned by mediæval castles, and give great picturesqueness to the scenery. Collectors of old china will hear with regret that the far-famed 'Rhodian plates' are becoming very scarce, but the old method of house-decoration still prevails throughout the island. The walls of the room in which we slept at Kalavarda were ornamented with 233 plates and a large collection of painted jars ; but everything old had disappeared and modern ware had taken its place. Horses are not used in the island, but good mules can be obtained in the town of Rhodes, and a dragoman may be heard of at the British Vice-Consulate."

Charles Sumner and Lord Macaulay.—Mr. Tuckerman sends to the "Athenæum" an amusing anecdote of Charles Sumner's readiness at repartee. At a dinner table in London one of the guests asked where Washington's body was buried. "His ashes," replied Sumner, rather sententiously, "repose on the banks of the Potomac."

"His ashes ?" said T. B. Macaulay, who was listening. "Was his body burned ?"

"No," replied Sumner, who perceived the intended satire, "it was buried like the forefathers of the hamlet, and like them, 'in his ashes live his wonted fires.'"

This was a ready retort and just rebuke, but we can scarcely suppose that his "table-talk" was always brilliant. His reputation rested chiefly on his earnestness in denouncing the slaveholders of the South. His reception in England was less due to his eloquence, for he was rather a dull rhetorician, than to the sympathy felt for him in his anti-slavery firmness, and the brutal personal attack made on him by Senator Brooks. His biographer might have told another more characteristic anecdote. In changing his lodgings from Duke Street, St. James's, one of his cabs, laden with books, chiefly our parliamentary "Blue Books," broke down not far from Jermyn Street, and the "heavy" freight had to be transferred to another conveyance, much to the amusement of the quickly gathered crowd.

English Reading-book for Indian Students.—We have received by post from Calcutta a small volume, well printed, well bound, and containing an excellent selection of extracts, entitled, "A Course of Reading," by the Rev. Lal Behari Day, Fellow of the Calcutta University, and late Professor of English Literature at the Hoogly College. The book was prepared for students preparing for the entrance examination of the Calcutta University, but the compiler, a veteran educationalist, who has been for above half a century an instructor of boys and young men, thinks that this course of reading may be more widely useful.

We have heard so much about the activity of infidels and agnostics in providing bad literature for the Indian youths who are quitting their idolatrous creeds, that it is pleasant to meet with so judicious and excellent a course of reading as this. The selections are from some of the most approved English books: Sir W. Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," Miss Edgeworth's "Popular Tales," Washington Irving's "Sketchbook," Southey, Lamb, Wordsworth, Goldsmith, Cowper, Longfellow, Tennyson, and other familiar classical authors.

"Livingstone Anecdotes" we are glad to see largely quoted, "by permission of the Committee of the Religious Tract Society, London." This occupies thirty pages out of the three hundred pages of the volume.

In an appendix there is a list of words and phrases which are familiar enough in the literary world, but which are supposed to need interpretation for Indian readers. For instance, in the Livingstone glossary, "striving to make both ends meet" is explained, "trying to make expenses equal to the income, and not more." "Bedlam," it is necessary to say, is a corruption of Bethlehem, "a religious house in London, afterwards converted into a hospital for lunatics." "The Downs," in Southey's "Life of Nelson," is explained as "a roadstead between Deal and the Goodwin Sands." The aged professor, Lal Behari Day, is to be congratulated on his knowledge of good English literature, and we are much obliged to the publisher, Kedar Nath Bose, B.A., for sending the volume, which we hope will be widely circulated.

Princeton, New Jersey.—An interesting memorial tablet has lately been placed in the Germantown First Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, U.S. The reference to Princeton College recalls old historical times. The following is the inscription on the tablet:

"In memory of the Rev. Samuel Blair, A.M., S.T.D., founder and first ruling elder of this church; pastor of the Old South church, Boston, 1760-1769; chaplain in the Revolutionary army, 1775; chaplain of the House of Representatives of the United States, 1790 and 1792; elected president of Princeton College when but twenty-seven years of age, an honour which he declined in favour of Dr. John Witherspoon; devoted to this church from its foundation in 1811 until his death, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, September 24, 1818. And of Susan Shippen Blair, his wife, who by her generosity and untiring exertions greatly aided her husband in the establishment and maintenance of this church; died October 12, 1821, aged seventy-eight years."

From the Rev. Jonathan Edwards down to our own time, the Presidents of Princeton College have been men of high distinction, and have sustained the reputation of this seat of learning as a worthy rival of the older foundations of the New England States, Harvard and Yale.

The Smallest Dictionary in the World.—Messrs. David Bryce & Son have issued an English dictionary containing about fifteen thousand words, comprised within a tiny volume about an inch square, and one-third of an inch in thickness. This miniature volume contains three hundred and eighty-four pages, a result which could only be attained by the use of Oxford India paper. It is bound in limp leather, and enclosed in a metal locket, having a magnifying glass on one side by means of which the microscopic type is easily legible.—*The Bookseller.*

Greyhounds for Canadian Wolves.—It is officially estimated that no fewer than 170,000 wolves are roaming at large in Russia, and that the inhabitants of the Vologda last

year killed no fewer than 49,000, and of the Casan district 21,000. In the Canadian North-West there are also wolves, but these are not, like the European ones, of a very dangerous character. The coyotes are, however, at times very troublesome on the plains, especially to flocks of sheep. Some time ago, Sir John Lister-Kaye imported a number of Belgian and French wolfhounds and Scotch deerhounds for the purpose of hunting down these coyotes, while other breeds of dogs have also been tried with fair success. By means of these the number of coyotes has been much reduced, as many as seventeen having been brought down in a single day on the Cochrane ranche. The hounds are, however, scarcely fast enough, and with a view to giving them a greater turn of speed, Mr. Dan. Gordon, the veterinary surgeon, of Ottawa, Canada, imported two of the fastest and best bred greyhounds ever shipped from England—namely, Justinian, by Cui Bono out of Stylish Lady, and Jetsam, by Royal Stag out of Castaway.—*The Times.*

The Late Sir Andrew Clark.—Sir Andrew Clark was one of the busiest men in the medical profession. Breakfasting about half-past seven, he began work with his letters, of which he received great numbers, sometimes sixty a day. From an early hour, right through the morning, until sometimes far into the afternoon, he was occupied in consultations with patients. Nothing would ever induce him to hurry through his interview. A new patient would probably get from him twenty minutes to half an hour, or even longer, no matter how full his waiting-room might be, for he always went conscientiously and deliberately through a case, so that he might understand it. But at length the morning consultations drew to an end, and then followed luncheon. The afternoon consultations included visits to patients who were too ill to come to him, and consultations with doctors. These visits sometimes took him in the country, and would often occupy him until seven or eight o'clock in the evening, at about which hour he would dine. He preferred to retire to bed early, whenever his multitudinous engagements permitted him to do so. Yet, though such a busy man, he was widely read. He cherished a high ideal of his profession, which he dearly loved, and of the qualifications of those who should enter upon it. Speaking to students in an inaugural address at the London Hospital in 1876, he said: "The profession which you have chosen is one of the noblest, the most important, and the most interesting of all those occupations to which the highest human endeavours are turned; but it is also the most self-denying and the most arduous. Exacting the largest internal sacrifices, it returns the fewest external rewards. Neither wealth nor rank waits upon its longest or its best services; and he who is not prepared to find in its cultivation and in its exercise his chief and sufficient recompense has mistaken his calling and should retrace his steps." Such was his high estimation of medicine, that he termed it "the metropolis of the kingdom of knowledge." Within it, he said, "we are brought face to face with the mysteries of nature, of life, and of man, and of the Eternal which enfolds them." He was unquestionably a religious man, and he was warmly interested in the welfare of young men. On more than one occasion he lectured at the Young Men's Christian Association at Aldersgate Street. A letter from him has been published, in which, answering a note thanking him for a lecture delivered at the opening of the Sheffield new Medical School, he said:

"To hear from you that any words of mine are likely to help young men from doubt to faith and from darkness to light is the best reward for yours sincerely, ANDREW CLARK."

In his open-handed generosity and his sympathetic and courteous appreciation of the circumstances of others he has been said to resemble the great Dr. Richard Mead, of George the Second's time. He was once telegraphed for, to journey some distance to a sufferer, and he found his way with some difficulty late at night to what proved to be a very modest dwelling. He saw the patient and was able to benefit her. The good people, it turned out, were small farmers, and so pleased were they with his treatment that one of them said: "Now, doctor, we are going to double the fee," and the speaker slipped into his hand—a sovereign! no mention being made even of travelling expenses. Not a word uttered Sir Andrew except to thank them with his accustomed courtesy.

He had almost an intuitive perception of character. Though he was erudite and well read, he was not pedantic. He could be most genial and friendly as well as impressive. Talking one day with some friends as to the reasons of success in life, and especially in the medical profession, someone suggested certain fortuitous reasons by which some medical men had reached fame and fortune. "I can tell you," said Sir Andrew, "something better than all that. Do as much as you possibly can for the welfare of your patient, and that means success for the profession." Sometimes, with all his skill in diagnosis and insight into character, he made a trifling error. He was advising a patient one day, and when he had concluded, having the strong impression that the gentleman smoked too much, "Mind," said Sir Andrew in his most impressive tones, as the patient was leaving the room, "only one cigar!" A few days passed and the patient came again, feeling better, but said, "I found it impossible to carry out your directions as to the one cigar, for when I tried it it made me dreadfully sick!" It was his first cigar! So runs the story.

Removal of Gates in London.—By the Act of Parliament passed in 1890, the London County Council obtained authority to remove obstacles to public traffic, such as gates on private estates, of which there were not a few in the region adjoining Euston Square and other great railway stations. Before Lady Day 1894 the Council will have opened no fewer than fifty-eight thoroughfares till recently closed by bars and gates. For example, Torrington Square and Torrington Place were thus closed, till last summer, for about seventy years. On a certain day last summer Mr. Hutton, chairman of the County Council, and Mr. Grigsby, chairman of the Highways Committee, with some workmen, made appearance at the Torrington Gates. A crowd soon collected, as usual in London, and about a hundred and fifty select persons gathered to witness the ceremony from an enclosure. Mr. Westacott addressed them on the extinction of the private rights by authority of the Council, and the new convenience to the public; compensation for the removal of nearly sixty gates costing little more than £10,000.

Revue des Deux Mondes.—Under the new arrangements entered into by the shareholders of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in consequence of the retirement of M. Buloz, the general management of the famous bi-monthly magazine has been entrusted to M. Bertrand. M. Ferdinand Brunetiere remains in charge of the literary department. The review is thus altogether taken out of the hands of the Buloz family. The principal shareholders are M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu, the Comte d'Haussonville, the Duc de Noailles, MM. Edouard Pailleron, Camille Doucet, Aubry-Vitet, and Desprez, who now form part of a Special Committee which is to fix the amount of the retiring allowance to be given to M. Buloz, and to make some modifications in the articles of association. The review, it may be mentioned, was founded in the reign of Louis Philippe by M. François Buloz, and had for its earlier contributors Alfred de Vigny, Nodier, Balzac, Jules Janin, Montalembert, Sainte-Beuve, Alexandre Dumas père, Prosper Mérimée, Heine, George Sand, and Alfred de Musset. Under the Second Empire the notable contributors to the review were Taine, Octave Feuillet, Edmond About, Renan, and many other equally famous writers. M. François Buloz had, therefore, good reason to boast that of all the great French authors only two, Thiers and the poet Casimir Delavigne, had not passed through his hands. In later days other men became famous outside the review, and independently of its help or censure; among these may be mentioned Flaubert, Alexandre Dumas fils, Alphonse Daudet, and Emile Zola.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Lord Tennyson in Guernsey.—One of the latest expeditions made by Tennyson was, in the summer of 1892, to the Channel Islands. In the visitors' book of the Guille-Allès library at St. Peter's Port, there is record of this event, the poet's signature appearing under the date June 13, followed by that of Hallam Tennyson, the present peer. The "Guille-Allès Library and Museum" is an institution founded by two natives of Guernsey, who, after making their fortunes in New York in partnership, on returning to their native island united in founding this noble establishment. The library contains upwards of 60,000 volumes, in every department of science and literature. The reading-rooms possess all the

principal newspapers, magazines, and reviews, English, French, and foreign. The sons of the original founders are now directors of the institution, Mr. Thomas Guille, Jurat of the Royal Court, and Mr. F. Mansell Allès. Mr. Cotgreave, now the librarian of West Ham Free Library, was for some years at the Guille-Allès, and introduced his well-known inventions for the assistance of bookmen and book-readers. The present librarian, Mr. J. Linwood Pitts, has for many years been connected with the press in Guernsey, and knows much about the history and antiquities, and the present condition of the island. Mr. J. Whitehead is honorary curator of the museum. The officials withdrew the unfinished book after the signature of Tennyson, whose clear but tremulous autograph was thought too strong an incentive to covetousness, if not to kleptomania.

Lentil Soup.—As the time is at hand when it may be advisable to give more outdoor help to the poor, the following statement is repeated from a letter in the "Times" of last winter. The superintendent of the Ham-yard Soup Kitchen and Hospice, near the Haymarket, affirmed that lentils were the very best material for making nourishing soup, and also the cheapest. He found on the premises a memorandum about lentils, signed more than twenty years before, by Mr. Young, of the Council of Education, at a time when soup was much in request for school children. "Lentils are much too nutritious to be eaten unmixed with other foods. They are among the richest known of vegetable substances used as food."

Analysis of 1 lb. of lentil seed: Water, 2 oz. 105 grs.; casein, 4 oz. 70 grs. (flesh former, a substance analogous to the chief ingredient of milk and cheese); starch, 5 oz. 262 grs.; sugar, 140 grs.; fat, 1 oz. 153 grs.; mineral matter, 105 grs. Flesh formers, 26 per cent.; heat givers, 58 per cent.—*S. G. Young, Council of Education*.

A letter in the *Times* in 1878 in praise of lentils made the price of the legume to go up suddenly to fifteen shillings a bushel. There is no risk of a rise like that now, as large quantities are imported.

Old Age.—The melancholy of old age has a divine tenderness in it which only the sad experiences of life can lend a human soul. But there is a lower level—that of tranquil contentment and easy acquiescence in the conditions in which we find ourselves; a lower level in which old age trudges patiently when it is not using its wings. I say its wings, for no period of life is so imaginative as that which looks to younger people the most prosaic. The atmosphere of memory is one in which imagination flies more easily and feels more at home than in the thinner ether of youthful anticipation. I have told you some of the drawbacks of age; I would not have you forget its privileges. When it comes down from its aerial excursions, it has much left to enjoy on the humble plane of being.—"*Over the Teacups*": O. W. Holmes.

Astronomical Notes for January.—The solar spots having attained a period of maximum of frequency and magnitude in 1893, may this year be expected gradually to decrease, though as a whole cycle occupies more than eleven years, and the diminution is usually slower than the increase, a minimum will not be due until 1900. The Moon will be New this month at 3h. 7m. on the morning of the 7th; in First Quarter at 9m. past midnight on the 14th; Full at 3h. 11m. on the afternoon of the 21st; and in Last Quarter at 4h. 51m. on the afternoon of the 28th. She will be in apogee, or farthest from the Earth, on the 5th, and in perigee, or nearest us, on the 20th. The planet Mercury may be visible for a few mornings at the beginning of the month, very low in the heavens and just before sunrise; on those of the 5th and 6th he will be near the waning Moon, then a very thin crescent, if the misnomer may be allowed. Venus will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 10th, and will attain her greatest brilliancy as an evening star on the 11th. Mars is in the constellation Scorpio, and only to be seen by early risers; and Saturn, which is in Virgo, does not appear above the horizon until after midnight, though a little earlier as the month advances. But Jupiter continues to be a magnificent object during the whole of the early part of the night, until he sets about 3 o'clock in the morning; he is in the constellation Taurus, to the south-west of the Pleiades, and will be in conjunction with the gibbous Moon about midnight on the 16th.—W. T. LYNN.

